THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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HUNTERS,
The Property of
THE EARL OF SCARBOROUGH.

THIS Engraving of Mr. Scott's is from a Painting by Mr. Marshall, and the only description we have to accompany it is as follows:—

"Hunters at a kennel door.—The picture was painted for the late Earl of Scarborough:—the horses are portraits, and were well known in the Berkeley Hunt, and with Lumley Saville's hounds in the North."

FIGHT BETWEEN CRIB AND MOLINEUX,
Tuesday, December 18, 1810.

IT may be in the recollection of our readers, (as it has been repeatedly mentioned before) that the *first* half sheet of our Magazine goes to the press *last*, and this in the present instance occasions us to give two accounts of the fight between Crib and Molineux, viz. the following, and another to be found in page 120.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the numerous pugilistic contests which have occurred during the last twenty years, I may say with more propriety from the time of Big Ben and Johnson to the present (the most of which I have attended), I do not remember so great an interest having been excited amongst the amateurs of boxing, as appears to have been occasioned by the contest that took place between Molineux, the black, (a new candidate for pugilistic fame) and Tom Crib, of fighting celebrity, at Copthall Common, in the vicinity of East Grinstead, distant from London about thirty miles.—Whether this arose from the *nature* of the combatants, from the immense sums pending on the issue of the battle, or from the anticipation of an arduous struggle for victory, I cannot say, but that every spectator was feelingly alive to the conflict, was fully evident. It may be here observed, that the *sable-coloured heroes of the fist,* who hitherto have entered the list as prize fighters, have never been distinguished by their successes in the various rencontres they have from time to time been engaged in; and this has been accounted for by supposing that the African race were not endowed with such muscular powers as John Bull. In Molineux, however, this general defect was amply supplied. He is a man of robust stature, weighing 14st. 8lb. and therefore deemed competent in point of strength to face any man in the united kingdom. From the specimen he gave of his powers and bottom in the combat with Tom Blake, some time ago, he was deemed

deemed the best match for Crib of the present day (it having been understood that Jack Gulley had declined all contests as a prize fighter). It was accordingly agreed they should fight for 200 guineas a side.

From what I have heard and witnessed, each man felt confident of victory, and so expressed himself to his respective friends: hence may be accounted for the many thousand pounds betted on the occasion. But, Sir, what alarmed the *natives* most was, the consideration that an *African* or a *tawney Moor*, was looking forward to the championship of England, and had even threatened to decorate his sooty brow with the hard-earned laurels of Crib, who, for the "honour of Old England," swore not to resign either the one or the other but with his life.

With opponents so determined, it was not to be wondered at if the conflict proved a most desperate one; how far that was the case, will be best seen by the sequel.

A more unfavourable day for the sport could not have been selected, as it rained in torrents the whole of the day; and notwithstanding the great distance from town at which the battle took place, the spectators were numerous; and those who were not provided with covered carriages were literally drenched. The last three miles of the road were almost knee deep with clay; so that it can excite no surprise to learn that many horses were knocked up, and the riders, as well as a number of pedestrians, never reached the scene of action. At twelve o'clock Mr. Jackson, who did, and does on all occasions of the kind, officiate as Master of the Ceremonies, had the outer circle formed of the various vehicles, which had served to transport from the metropolis several thousand of amateurs, who had arrived on the ground in spite of difficulties and bad weather.

The ring in the centre of the large one was strongly constructed of stakes and ropes; and, according to the terms of the fight, measured twenty-four feet every way. The spot for the *Campus Martius* was situated nearly at the foot of a hill, which protected the combatants from the chilling wind and rain from the eastward. On the summit stood a *windmill,* and several others within sight, in different directions. This spot was selected, perhaps, in preference to any other, as most emblematical of the *Quixotic expedition,* or more likely to signify that *milling* was the order of the day. At this juncture, however, we were all anxiety for the present, and doubtful for the future. Every heart palpitated with hopes and fears for their respective champions. Even Bill Gibbons, and some other *fancy lads* of the *Westminster school,* it is said, let fall tears in the contemplation of the carnage and bloodshed about to take place. I myself, Sir, saw the *big drops* roll down the *weather-beaten cheeks* of many of them, which I *unwittingly* took for heavy drops of rain. But now the champions appear, "arm'd cap-a-pee, and eager for the fray:" no more *snivelling;* every spectator felt himself an hero, and the lads of the *fancy* seemed by their countenances to say, "What a glorious thing's a battle!"

Molineux, the Moor, not the *Moor of Venice,* but one equally brave and unfortunate, was the first to enter the ring; he made a graceful *congee* to the amateurs (a-la-Bitton), hurled up his cap, in

in defiance of his adversary, then retired to strip for the battle.—Crib followed so bright an example, except the gracefulness of the bow, and in that Molineux had the *art* on his side.

Gulley, the second of Crib, and Richman, that of Molineux, entered the ring with their champions.

The awful moment is arrived for setting to, and the heroes throw off their *upper benjamins* as the signal. They shake hands, retire two steps, put themselves in attitude, then eye each other with the most penetrating looks, at the same time each attentive to his guard.

A solemn pause for the moment ensued, and then commenced the

First round.—Molineux commenced hostilities, by placing a right hand blow on the left side of Crib's body; but which was attended with trivial effect. The native champion smartly returned the hit, with a right and left at the head, and one *for luck* in the body; the Black then closed, and was thrown by his adversary. Thus terminated the first round without bloodshed or injury.

Second round.—The combatants set to very sharp, and seemed to verify the opinion gone abroad, that they were both fully determined on a manly stand-up fight, to the exclusion altogether of sparring or shifting. A furious rally took place; several hard blows were exchanged on both sides.—Crib's did the most execution; his blows having been directed straight forward, whilst those of Molineux were hand over head, given with miraculous power and resolution, but without judgment, insomuch that Crib was enabled to parry them or spoil their effect, by planting the first hit. Crib, on the whole, had the advantage of this round, although he exhibited the first blood.

Third round.—Molineux, not the least dismayed at the *taste* he had had, faced his antagonist courageously this round, who met him with corresponding resolution, and coming in contact with the Black's head, at arm's length with his left hand, made him by the blow measure his full length on the ground; the lusty Moor was on his legs in a second, and it was "*Mungo here, Mungo there,* and *Mungo every where,*" who anxiously looked round for his *customer,* whom he was prevented from meeting until the

Fourth round; in which, after an ineffectual attempt to rally down Crib, the Black received a knock-down blow.

Fifth round, consisted of straight forward fighting: they both rallied in good style; Molineux persevering in the system of boring down his opponent by main strength, whilst Crib evinced a determination to prevent him by repeated blows on the head, which failed to have that effect. This, no doubt, proved to the amateurs that a man so persevering in his manner as the Moor, so regardless of blows, and so strong withal, could not fail to prove not only an *ugly,* but a *troublesome customer* in the end, to Crib, or any other *gentleman* of the *profession.* Towards the finish of this round the Black closed, when is was discerned that he was the strongest man, and was as expert in the *art of fibbing* as Dutch Sam, who was the first that rendered that practice cognizable as a part of the science. The Black by this new manœuvre obtained the best of this round.

Sixth round was begun by a furious onset, but Crib being over anxious

xious to *compliment* the Black for a hit he had received, fell, partly from a slip and a blow.

Seventh round.—Crib had his revenge this round; the Black rushed on his adversary, according to custom, when he caught a violent blow on the forehead, by which he picked up a handsome *rainbow.* His countenance, however, was not the more *clouded* on the occasion, and he was the first to come to his time.

Eighth round.—If it were not invidious to single out any particular round, I would say, that this was the best-contested round in the battle; the combatants were still in possession of their full vigour, and had been taught discrimination; they had discovered, also, the weak and strong parts in each other. Crib had found out that, if the resolute Moor got him into so reduced a state as to make his *sledge hammer* blows *tell,* that he should not like his head to be the *anvil,* and from the determined conduct of his tawney antagonist, things were fast approximating that way. —It was here, that it would seem then, the grand push was to be made, in order to give a decided turn to the battle. Crib brought into the struggle his courage, strength, and science, which were not more than sufficient to cope with the persevering and invulnerable Moor. The rally was desperate; success was alternately on the one side and the other; the Black at length fell; but the extraordinary efforts of Crib rendered him more feeble at the end of the round than his adversary.

Ninth round — Was gallantly contested, but Crib was compelled to make play, by the Black following him up, and giving him no quarter; neither would he take any, for his head was always at the service of his adversary. He never shrunk from a blow, and his great anxiety was always to return it. Crib evinced weakness, and fell from a hit. The *knowing ones* exchanged looks with each other round the ring, as much as to say, "things look a little queer, master."

Tenth round.—By this time the *conceit* was pretty well taken out of both the heroes, and it was not to be wondered at, considering how hard they had fought, and how severely they had been punished. The head of Molineux was prodigiously swollen; and if the Moor had been an artist he could not have laid on the black and red with a more regular hand on Crib's face, although Crib might think it might have been done with a more *delicate touch.* In this, as well as the seven successive rounds, Molineux appeared much the strongest man; he went into Crib, *pell mell,* without standing for repairs, and rallied him at every part of the ring; and when he got him against the ropes, he either threw him, or encircled his neck with his left arm while he *fibbed* him with his right hand. If this could not be called murder, it was something like manslaughter; for Crib seemed all the same as in a blacksmith's vice. It was here where there was shewn a little national prejudice against the Black; but being of a passive nature, he could derive no injury from it; and, to speak impartially, and for the honour of pugilism, the strictest fair play was shewn to both parties throughout.

At the termination of the seventeenth round, Crib was so completely exhausted, as to be termed *dead beat;* but it must not be forgotten, that in reducing Crib to this state,

Molineux

Molineux himself was in a tottering condition, but appeared more animated, more gay, and was the first to appear to his time.

From the seventeenth to the twentieth rounds, Crib appearing to be convinced that he had *overshot* his mark in supposing that he could beat Molineux *off hand*, as he had endeavoured to do, had therefore recourse to his favourite mode of retreating or fighting shy, without which, it appears to me, he must have been compelled to have given in the battle. The Black, naturally presuming this was Crib's forlorn hope, followed him up, and never quitted him until the

Twenty-third round—When seeing a falling off in the Black, and feeling himself somewhat recovered, he made play and knocked his man down for the first time for several rounds.

From the twenty-fourth to the twenty-eighth round, bets were considerably reduced; they had been about 4 to 1 on the Black, and now the bets were even.

Twenty-ninth round—was ominous to the Black; he made an effort to get Crib against the ropes, but without effect; neither could he throw him as he had done; after a short rally, he was knocked down by Crib, who seemed more alive and full of confidence than he had been for many rounds before.

Thirtieth round.—Crib had now certainly the lead, and finding his antagonist could not keep his legs well, stuck to him until he invariably rallied him down.

Thirty-first round—after a short rally, was finished by the Black throwing Crib, but he fell over him in the struggle, by which means he pitched upon his head; and I have heard it from a friend of his, that the hurt he received on this occasion affected him with a giddiness that he could not stand, and induced him to communicate to his second (Richman), that he could no longer continue the contest. Richman, however, finding that Crib was also so much exhausted that he could scarcely support himself, encouraged Molineux to try a round or two more; he did so, and on the termination of the 33d round he fell by an effort to keep his legs; which being termed by Crib's party *falling without a blow*, the victory was claimed in favour of Crib, which would have originated a dispute, had not Molineux again repeated, "I can fight no more."

Crib, no doubt, was delighted at the declaration, but did not treat the spectators with a *somerset*, according to custom. No, indeed, all the strength he had left, was insufficient to support him off the ground without assistance.

Thus terminated a battle which has not been excelled, in point of *hitting* and *execution*, for many years; and while the courage and resolution of the lusty Moor have been extolled to the utmost, the merits of Crib, as a bruiser, will not fail to be duly appreciated by the victory he has gained over so invulnerable an opponent. In this last contest, the struggle I conceive to have been between science and strength. The advantage that Crib had, by his excelling in the former, the Black had by superiority in the latter. With respect to coolness and bottom, it is but justice to place them on a par.—Before I saw the Black set to in this last rencontre, I thought him too irritable and hot, but I am now convinced that his impetuosity is only a part of that principle upon which

which he fights, and which, no doubt, would have proved successful against most men. To be a finished boxer, a man must be possessed of a large proportion of natural muscular powers, besides other acquirements, the chief of which is, to learn to hit straight, and with a jerk from the shoulder, without which, as Liston would say, "It is all my eye and Betty Martin." The Black is only deficient in this accomplishment. His style of fighting comes nearest to that of Bully Hooper, of Ruffian memory, who dealt largely in the *black art*.

"On the whole I never witnessed superior manhood to that which Molineux displayed at Copthall Common; and I understand, that so far from being satisfied with the *taste* he had on Tuesday last, that he means to avail himself of the earliest opportunity of inviting his victorious opponent to a *belly-full*; and then, if his efforts prove unsuccessful, he will for ever resign the *profession*, and say with Shakespeare's hero of old, "Othello's occupation's gone." The battle lasted 55 minutes.

"AN AMATEUR."

*** This letter is given in the precise language of the writer; but we conceive the term *Moor*, or *Tawney Moor*, applies to the *Moors* on the Coast of Barbary, &c. and as formerly possessing a part of Spain, from which they were afterwards driven,—and not to the Negroes from the coast of Guinea, called Blackamoors.—Molineux is supposed to be of this latter race. If he has any thing of the White in him he is called a man of colour, and if either father or mother were White, then a Mulatto,—not a Tawney Moor.

A FRESH CHALLENGE.

"*To Mr. Thomas Crib.*

"St. Martin's-street, Leicester square, Dec. 21, 1810.

"SIR—My friends think, that had the weather on last Tuesday, the day upon which I contended with you, not been so unfavourable, I should have won the battle; I therefore challenge you to a second meeting, at any time within two months, for such sum as those gentlemen who place confidence in me may be pleased to arrange.

"As it is possible this letter may meet the public eye, I cannot omit the opportunity of expressing a confident hope, that the circumstance of my being of a different colour to that of a people amongst whom I have sought protection, will not in any way operate to my prejudice.—I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"T. MOLINEUX.

"Witness J. Scholefield."

Crib has accepted the challenge. They are to fight again on the 21st of May, for 250 guineas a side, and a subscription purse of 100 guineas for the winner.—Fifty guineas of the stake are the actual property of Molineux.

DISPUTES

BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

General Clavering *v.* Lord Folkestone.

"*Slugs in a saw-pit.*"

IT will be recollected by our readers, and never will be forgotten by the world, that this gallant General took a very prominent and decided part, in the memorable enquiry that was instituted in the House of Commons, in regard to the

the fulfilment of the duties of Commander in Chief, by the Duke of York: and that he was so unfortunate in his evidence, as to render no service whatever to his royal principal, and all his zeal only tended to injure—himself!

From that inauspicious moment, poor General Clavering hath been the very butt of Fortune, and sometimes the point of ridicule: yet as ridicule is not always the test of truth, it was charitably supposed by many, that the gallantry of his spirit was unquestionable, though his discretion and policy were not.

The demon of mischief, who is eternally putting his finger in the broth of mortals, to render it unpalatable, could not let poor General Clavering rest, even under all his accumulated and accumulating misfortunes:—but impelled a patriotic Lord to write an epistle to the notorious Mrs. Clarke, crammed full with sarcasms; and some of them were presumed to bear so heavily upon the personal honour of this gallant Commander, that he appears to have deemed the preservation of existence as a secondary consideration to the preservation of his honour from violation.—Common fame whispered in his ear that scorn had been tracing his portrait: he heard the unpleasant tidings from every quarter—(as there is not a breeze that will not gladly bear about a tale of calumny, post free). The minions of opportunity, at length, presented the obnoxious epistle to his amazed senses—He perused the text and the context: he felt the contamination of his heroism, boiling in all his veins: he made up his capacious mind to a deed of extermination, and having grappled his sword, ("and a better never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh")—vehemently and resolutely exclaimed,

"All hell shall stir for this!"

How wonderful it is that the imagination and frame of man should be under the guidance of a sensibility so acute, as (like the operations of fear) to defeat the very purposes of the understanding! But let not the callow man of the world smile, because this gallant Commander was momentarily tortured with too much sensibility—Do the wise know that even prejudices and follies may result from sensibility? and that the main reason why they are not prejudiced and foolish also, may have been that they were insensible?—"This was some time a paradox," but the keenly observant know the truth of the position.

But to the point—The act followed the resolution—General Clavering wrote to Lord Folkestone!—Lord Folkestone replied by deputy!—Mr. Lushington, his Lordship's friend, (and a better no man ever had in such circumstances) vainly laboured to introduce a few sentiments fraught with *method* and *mercy*, to regulate the contest by gentlemanly example; but, alas! the gallant commander was inexorable.

"Ah! me, what perils do environ,
That wight who meddles with cold iron."

There is an adage in favour of hope, which had its illustration on this dreadful contest, viz. "that all is not lost, that is in danger," for while *Atropos* was whetting a pair of patent scissors, to cut the vital thread of this devoted Lord, a document of Christian charity suddenly influenced the gallant Commander, and he returned his harmless sword to its scabbard, untinctured with Patrician blood! A bystander thought of an *if*, and the whole

whole dismal business was qualified into mutual toleration, as

"If you said so"
It's more than I know,
Oh! Oh!

"Then they measured swords and parted: oh, there is much virtue in an if."

Now what a delicate thing is this same honour, which could bring two such cavaliers into a state of imminent jeopardy: for though there is an air of *merry disdain* in his Lordship's language, there can be no second opinion entertained, as to General Clavering's intentions; and the probability is, that the fury of his disposition was happily softened by the scruples of his faith; and the pure morality of this gallant Commander can never be called in doubt by any, who remember those uncommon alarms which he expressed at the bar of the House of Commons, lest it might be supposed that he had ever visited our modern *Phryne*, for carnal purposes.—He gave his delicate deposition in somewhat like the following terms:—

I saw this *Mistress Clarke*, (that's *en passant*, we'll say,
For all friendship with *Impures* is out of my way:)
When she told me a bouncer, how one *Mister Mellish*,
Once call'd at her larder, and paid for—a relish!
Now as this contradicts what I've read in the papers,
Her falsehood and flippancy give me the vapours:
So I thought it my duty to come down among ye,
And unmask the Jade who's so bitterly stung ye.
But as to connection! By Heavens, I swear,
And my personal honour, which *all* know is dear;
Though she talk'd lively nonsense, I instantly hush'd her,
And bow'd, and withdrew; but, by G—d I ne'er touch'd her. W.

BREED OF PARTRIDGES,

GREAT SHOT, AND SPORTING BET.

THE breed of partridges, which has fallen short this year in most districts, has been very abundant on Salisbury Plain, in Wiltshire, as will be seen by the following:—

Henry Hunt, Esq. of Sans Souci Cottage, has killed upwards of 200 brace immediately round his own neighbourhood.—Throughout the month of September, he averaged fifteen birds over eight brace a day, besides hares, quails, and landrails, which are very plentiful in that country. This, we conceive, will be allowed great shooting, when it is known that he never exceeds ten brace in one day.—Mr. Hunt has offered to back himself to shoot game against any gentleman in England, five mornings following, for fifty guineas a morning.—This is the same gentleman who has so successfully conducted his own cause in several actions for trespass—— (*Vide* in our former numbers, *Simpkins* v. *Hunt*, *Jenner* v. *Hunt*, &c. &c.)

DUKE OF QUEENSBURY.

ON Sunday, December 23, 1810, died, at his house, in Piccadilly, in the 86th year of his age, this great and celebrated sporting character. His Grace had been for some days afflicted with a severe flux, which all the powers of medicine could not check. Dying without issue, the title of Duke of Queensbury is extinct; but some of his other titles descend.—As his will is not yet published, we shall reserve particulars till our next publication.

MOSQUITOS

MOSQUITOES IN THE CRIMEA.

From Dr. Clarke's Travels.

"FEW situations could surpass Kopil (situated in the territory of the Circassians) in wretchedness. Bad air, bad water, swarms of mosquitoes, with various kinds of locusts, beetles, innumerable flies, lizards, and speckled toads, seemed to infest it with the plagues of Egypt. As we left Kopil we quitted also the river, and proceeded through the marshes to Kalaus. In our way, we caught some small ducks, and saw also wild geese. At Kalaus were two young elks, very tame; and we were told that many wild ones might be found in the steppes during spring.

"In the course of this journey from Ekaterinedara, as we advanced, the frequent stands of lances announced, at a distance, the comfortable assurance of the Tchernomorski guard; without which the herds of cattle in the steppes, amounting to many thousands, would be continually plundered by the Circassians. These guards pass the night on the bare earth, protected from the mosquitoes by creeping into a kind of sack, sufficient only for the covering of a single person, in which they lie upon the thistles and other wild plants of the steppes. At Kalaus there was rather a strong body of the military. From this place to Kourky the distance is thirty-five versts (less than twenty-four English miles). Night came on; but we determined to proceed. No contrivance on our part could prevent millions of mosquitoes from filling the inside of our carriage, which in spite of gloves, clothes, and handkerchiefs, rendered our bodies one entire wound. The excessive irritation and painful swelling caused by the bites of these furious insects, together with a pestilential air, excited in me a very considerable degree of fever. The Cossacks light numerous fires to drive them from the cattle during the night; but so insatiate is their thirst of blood, that hundreds will attack a person attempting to shelter himself even in the midst of smoke. At the same time, the noise they make in flying cannot be conceived by persons who have only been accustomed to the humming of such insects in our country. It was indeed to all of us a fearful sound, accompanied by the clamour of reptile myriads, toads and bull frogs, whose constant croaking, joined with the barking of dogs and the lowing of herds, maintained in the midst of darkness an unceasing uproar. It was our intention to travel in all hours, without halting for any repose; but various accidents compelled us to stop at Kourky about midnight, a military station like the rest; and no subsequent sensation of ease or comfort has ever obliterated the impression made by the suffering of this night. It was near the middle of July. The carriage had been dragged, for many miles together, through stagnant pools; in fording one of which it was filled with water; and the *dormeuse*, seat, floor, and well, became, in consequence, covered with stinking slime. We stopped, therefore, to open and inspect the trunks. Our books and linen were wet. The Cossack and Russian troops were sleeping on the bare earth, covered by sacks; and beneath one of these a soldier permitted my companion to lie down. The ground seemed entirely alive with innumerable toads, crawling every where. Almost exhausted by fatigue, pain, and heat, I sought

I sought shelter in the carriage, sitting in water and mud. It was the most sultry night I ever experienced; not a breath of air was stirring; nor could I venture to open the windows, though almost suffocated, through fear of the mosquitoes. Swarms, nevertheless, found their way to my hiding-place; and when I opened my mouth, it was filled with them. My head was bound in handkerchiefs; yet they found their way into my ears and nostrils. In the midst of this torment, I succeeded in lighting a large lamp over the sword case; which was instantly extinguished by such a prodigious number of these insects, that their dead bodies actually remained heaped in a large cone over the burner for several days afterwards: and I know not any mode of description which may better convey an idea of their afflicting visitation, than by simply relating this fact; to the truth of which, those who travelled with me, and who are now living, bear indisputable testimony.

"The mortality occasioned by mosquitoes in the Russian army, both of men and horses, was very great. Many of those stationed along the Kuban died in consequence of mortification produced by the bites of these insects. Others who escaped the venom of the mosquitoes, fell victims to the badness of the air. Sometimes they scoop a hollow in the ancient tombs, to serve as a dwelling; at other times a mere shed, constructed of reeds, affords the only covering; and in either of these places, during the greatest heat of summer, they light large fires, in order to fill the air with smoke; flying to their suffocating ovens, in the most sultry weather, to escape from the mosquitoes

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

THE licentiousness and thoughtlessness of our second Charles has become proverbial, and his good nature, which qualifies these, but ill atones for his ingratitude to those who suffered forfeiture and persecution in his cause. When he remained in Scotland, suffering the rebuke and censure of austere Presbyterianism, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the Laird of Cockpen, called by the nicknaming manners of those times, "Blythe Cockpen." He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scotch tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted his merry Monarch. Charles's favourite tune was "*Brose and Butter.*" It was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awaked in the morning by it. At the Restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen was forgotten, and he wandered among the lanes, which he once owned in Scotland, poor and unbefriended. He wrote to Court, but his letters were never presented, or were not regarded. Wearied and incensed he travelled to London, and placed himself in all public places, thinking that the eye of Majesty might reach him. But he was never noticed, and his mean garb did not suit the rich-laced and embroidered doublets of Court, so he was insulted and pushed from the King's presence. At length he attempted by cunning what he could not accomplish by plain dealing; he ingratiated himself with the King's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he consented to his request of playing on the organ before the King at divine service. He accordingly played with exquisite

exquisite skill, yet never attracted his Majesty's eye. But at the close of the service, instead of playing the common tune used, he played up "Brose and Butter," with all its energy, and characteristic merriment! In a moment the astonished organist was ordered into the King's presence—"My Liege, it was not me, it was not me!" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. "You!" cried his Majesty, in a delirium of rapture, "you could never play it in your life—Where's the man? let me see him." Cockpen presented himself on his knee. "Ah, Cockpen, is that you—Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church!" "I once danced too," said Cockpen, "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on." "Come with me," said Charles, taking him by the hand, "you shall dance to Brose and Butter on your own lands again, to the tenth generation!" And he was as good as his promise.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

THE following miraculous escape from a tiger is related by a gentleman in a letter to a friend, dated at Jaulnah, in the East Indies, May 19, 1810.

"I arrived here this morning with Colonel Conran's force.

"There is good hunting and shooting about twelve miles from this place, but it is dangerous from the number of wild beasts.—I had yesterday a most miraculous escape, which is the talk and wonder of all the camp.

"I usually go out on the flank, and yesterday was beating down a nullah parallel to our line and about 300 yards distant; I had killed one hare, and was anxiously looking out for another.

"The place appeared by no means dangerous, because the bushes were low and insulated, but yet in one of these did my Beatee discover one of the largest tigers I ever saw.

"The circumstances were as follow:—I was passing on at my usual slow pace, and taking care that every bush was well beaten. I arrived at a low and narrow, but rather a long bush, and had passed to the further end, when one Beatee cried out *Saheb, Sahel——Baugh! Baugh!* I withdrew a few paces; put two balls into each barrel of my gun, over the shot; sent one man to call assistance from the line, and was endeavouring to get a sight of the animal, as the man who remained was pointing out his head, his legs, and his face, but my endeavours were vain—my bad eyes led me into the greatest peril, for finding that I could not see him, I unwisely concluded that he was further off than my Beatee declared, and with my gun cocked I advanced crouching towards the bush; as I expected to see him through the branches near the ground, which seldom have any foliage, but could not get a glimpse of him; when, lo! as I had just touched the outer sprays, the monster rose not a yard from me, and rushed out with a roar that withdrew all my strength.

"It appeared as if the bush was coming up by the roots; he brushed me in passing, and sprang at my Beatee, when to my astonishment I witnessed more courage and presence of mind than I ever hope to see again—as the tiger was springing, the man, undismayed, struck at him with his bamboo full in the face, and the tiger turned off;

 I had

I had neither presence of mind nor strength to fire, and perhaps it is fortunate I did not. The tiger galloped off, turned about, and then galloped at some distance past us, and in sight of the whole line of baggage.—Four men were killed by a tiger on the road, and I have no doubt but it was by this one. You will agree that I had a narrow escape, for it was wonderful that he did not spring on one of us on first beating the bush, and more wonderful that he did not paw me in passing, for he actually touched me—the only reason that can be given is, that he must have been gorged. If I had possessed your eyes I must have killed him; when within two, or even six yards, I could easily have lodged four balls in his head, and I had a brace of pistols to have finished him."

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

BEING invited this Christmas to spend an evening at the house of a wealthy citizen, who has happily not attained to so much modern refinement, as to despise those innocent gambols which amused his forefathers, I send you the particulars of our night's diversion; which I own gave me considerable pleasure.

My friend is one of those who esteem it the greatest honour in life to be thought a man of business. His corporation displays his partiality for good living, and his nose is finely tinted with vermillion. He was seated in a great chair next to his wife, who, not being one of the most slender women in the world, occupied a great portion of the room. The citizen's favourite dog Towler sat by his master, with all the composure and gravity of a conscientious magistrate! The old gentleman's wig appeared rather discomposed by his afternoon nap; which circumstance, added to the broad grin of his help-mate, gave considerable drollery to the scene. A hackney writer sat on his left, with a long-nosed clergyman, who paid his devoirs to a snub-nosed old maid.

This reverend gentleman, like many of his modern brethren, had a custom of paying greater attention to the bottle than the pulpit, and was possessed of the failing of preferring women to the liturgy.

Among the rest was a country kinsman, of the name of Ralph Jones, whose strait hair, drab coat, red waistcoat, and buckskin breeches, shone conspicuous. Poor Ralph was the butt of the whole room! He was fresh from Cumberland, and, consequently, unacquainted with the ways of London. These, with Mr. Tiffany, a silk mercer, three young ladies, myself, and a little boy, filled up the motley group.

The parson, in the course of the evening, proposed a game at Forfeits, which was universally agreed to, but the clergyman being an adept at the game, most of the kisses fell to his share. My part in this performance was to command the penalties. I was accordingly extended on the carpet, with my head in the lap of the treasurer, who held the forfeits in her apron. Among many others, I commanded the most beautiful young lady present to take the candle in her hand, stand in a corner of the room, and call Ralph to kiss the

the candlestick. All was mute!—and the parson, having taken the advantage of the company's watching Ralph, began to kiss the old maid, who seemed as quiet in her situation as if she had been in her Sunday's pew. In the mean time the young lady having obeyed, Poor Ralph—Oh dreadful blunder! instead of saluting the amiable Louisa, applied his lips to the candlestick. Every muscle was instantly in motion, and the sudden burst of laughter roused the parson and his inamorato, who joined in the general merriment. Ralph, however, being roused to the highest pitch of resentment against the parson for proposing the game, addressed him in the following manner:—"What the devil do'st thee grin at, do'st thee knaw? The fault was all along of thee, for setting us at such an out-of-the way game. Wast thee made a parson to play at forfeits? Answer me that! or does the church authorise thee to make fools o'your poor Christian companions? Answer me that!"

The countryman's face now resembled the colour of his waistcoat; and, as he concluded with supposing his reverence had a license from the bishop to kiss his neighbour's wives and daughters, the laugh in some degree turned against the parson; and Ralph retired, with an air of consequence, to his chair.

After this, we proceeded to blacking of faces—a very interesting part of the game, which, by degrees, became general.

Forfeits being ended, other primitive amusements took place, such as Hunt the Slipper, Blind Man's Buff, and a variety of those gambols which constitute a merry Christmas. In short, we spent the remainder of the evening with the utmost conviviality, and I returned home about two in the morning.

G. M. W.

SUMMARY OF THE RACES IN 1810.

Compiled purposely for the York Herald, and the Sporting Magazine,

BY W. PICK, OF YORK.

AT many of the Meetings some of the Races have been contested in a style seldom exceeded; and where we had an opportunity of MINUTING them, have been run in ALMOST as short a time as any on record: for instance,

Newmarket Craven Meeting—There were 31 races, 26 of which were won easy; three were good or fine races; and two were not noticed in our account—There were twelve Matches forfeited, and one Stakes.

Catterick—There were eight races; six of which were won easy, one a very good race, and there were four excellent heats for the Plate—The Gentlemen riders were Mr. Tatton Sykes, Mr. Baker, Mr. T. Shafto, Mr. F. Hartley, Mr. Treacher, and Mr. Carter.

Malton—There were nine races, six of which were won easy, two good, and one very severe—The Gentlemen riders were Mr. Hill, Mr. T. Sykes, Mr. T. Shafto, and Mr. Treacher.—In the second race, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Tatton Sykes, Mr. Treacher, Mr. Acklom, and Mr. T. Shafto.

Newmarket First Spring Meeting—There were 41 races; 31 were won easy, four cleverly, one good, one by a head, and seven not mentioned in our account—exclusive of which, the King's Plate for mares, and a 50l. Plate, were walked over

over for—eight Matches were forfeited, and two Stakes paid.—*For the above, we refer our Readers to our Magazine for May, No. 212.*

Chester—Thirteen Races run, and three Matches forfeited, which upon the whole afforded some excellent racing.

Durham—A Gold Cup, two Stakes, two Plates of 70l. each, and two Matches for hunters—very good sport.

Newmarket Second Spring Meeting—There were 41 races; 31 were won easy, one by a head, one a dead heat, one good, and seven cleverly —besides a Stakes walked over for, seven Matches forfeited, and three Stakes paid forfeit.

York Spring Meeting—Consisted of nine races, viz. six Stakes, five of which were run, and one walked over for; two Matches were run, and the Stand Plate: Some excellent running, but all won easy at the end.

Goodwood—Five Races, three of which were walked over for, and two won easy.

Beverley——The Gold Cup, a Stakes, and three 50l. Plates.—The Cup was walked over for; a good race for the Stakes; but the Plates were won easy.

Epsom—For the Derby, Whalebone took the lead, and was never headed—for the Oaks' there was some good running, but won cleverly at the end by Oriana—The other races were of little consequence.—*See Magazine for June, No. 213.*

Manchester—A Stakes for three-year-olds, the Manchester Stakes, two Hunters' Stakes, two Matches, and three Plates, viz. 50l. 60l. and 80l.—They were in general well-contested, though some were won easy.

Maddington—Four Stakes, six Matches, and two 50l. Plates; also a Match forfeited—Very severe and close running, and some won with difficulty.—Amongst the Gentlemen who rode were Mr. Germaine, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, Mr. Douglas, Col. Draper, Major Pigott, and Mr. Bouverie.

Newton——A Gold Cup, two Stakes, and three Plates of 70l. each; also a Match forfeited—They were well contested, but won tolerably easy at the end.

Ascot—The King's Plate, a Gold Cup, seven Stakes, three Matches, and three 50l. Plates—one of the Stakes was walked over for, and one of the Matches forfeited—The racing was uncommonly good.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne —— The King's Plate, a Gold and Silver Cup, five Stakes, and four 50l. Plates; also a Match forfeited—The racing was allowed to be very fine, two were won by half a neck, and one by half a head; there was some good running for the others, though most of them were won easy at the end.

Newmarket July Meeting—Five Stakes, five Matches, and two 50l. Plates; also a Match forfeited—Two were well run, seven won easy, and three omitted in our account.

Stamford—The Gold Cup, three Stakes, three 50l. Plates, and a Hunters' Stakes—Fine running, and some won with difficulty.—*See Magazine for July, No. 214.*

Irvine, (Bogside Course)——A Stakes, a Silver Cup value 60gs. and four Plates of 50gs. each; also a Match forfeited—Two were won by half a neck each, and three easy; for one of which, Silvio and Comus only started, when the latter broke down.

Nantwich—A Stakes for all ages, (3-mile heats); and two 50l. Plates, for

for which three, there were eight well-contested heats.

Guildford—The King's Plate, and two 50l. Plates; the former was won easy, and there were three excellent heats for each of the fifties.

Lancaster—A Stakes for all ages, walked over for; a Hunters' Stakes, good race; a Maiden Plate of 50l. a 50l. Plate for three and four-year-olds, won by Jametta from the Worthy gelding; and a 70l. Plate for all ages.—*For a more particular account, see our last Number, page* 54.

Peterborough—Twice 50l. and a 60gs. Plate, also a Match—for which there were twelve different horses, &c.—The running was tolerable.—These races had been discontinued since 1799, when Tankersley, (afterwards Sir Solomon) was twice beat.

Tenbury—Two 50l. Plates; both of which were won easy, at two heats each.

Bibury—The Craven and Sherborne Stakes, with four other Stakes, five Matches, a Plate of 100gs. and two Plates of 50l. each; also seven Matches forfeited—— These races were very smartly contested, some of which were won by half a neck, by a neck, half a length, &c.—Amongst the Gentlemen who rode were Lord Lowther, the Hon. Mr. Germaine, Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, Mr. Douglas, Major Pigott, and Mr. Worrall.

Ipswich—The King's Plate, and two 50l. Plates—all won easy, at two heats each.

Cardiff—Two Stakes, three 50l. Plates, and a Handicap Purse:—Very capital racing.

Oxford—The Gold Cup, and two 50l. Plates, which were won pretty easy.

Ludlow—Two 50l. Plates, and a Hunters' Stakes—Good racing.

Stockbridge—Two Stakes, and two 50l. Plates:—Excellent running.

Winchester—The King's Plate, won by half a length; the Cup, won easy; and three 50l. Plates; one won by a head, one easy, and one walked over for.

Bridgenorth—Two Stakes, and two 50l. Plates:—All won tolerably easy.

Preston—The Union Cup, a Produce Stakes (walked for), a Hunters' Stakes (Gentlemen riders), a Match, a 50l. Plate, and two of 70l. each—These races afforded some excellent sport, but in general were won easy at the end—The Gentlemen who rode were Colonel Hargreaves, Mr. Scarisbrick, Mr. W. Trafford, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Gillibrand, and Mr. Tatton Sykes.

Lamberton—A Gold Cup, won easy; 50l. a good race; two Hunters' Stakes, both walked over for; and two Plates of 50l. each, not run, for want of horses.

Totness—The Silver Cup, won in a canter; 50l. won by half a neck; the Ladies' Cup, won by a head; and a Match.

Swansea—Two Stakes, a 50gs. Plate, and three of 50l. each; also a Match:—Very good racing.

Swaffham——One Stakes, and three 50l. Plates:—One very good race; the others easy.

Chelmsford—The Queen's Purse, the Cup, a Stakes, a Match, and two 50l. Plates:—Some very capital racing.

Salisbury—The King's Plate, a Cup, the Silver Bowl, two Stakes, (one walked for) and two 50l. Plates:—Good running.—*See Magazine for August, No.* 215.

Ormskirk—The Loyalty Cup; a Stakes for three-year-olds; a Hunters' Stakes; a Poney Stakes; three Plates of 50gs. each; and a

Match

Match for 100gs. which was walked for—For one of the Fifties there were four well-contested heats, betwixt the gelding (styled Trusty), Preston-Lad, and Gamecock; the other races were won easy.

Brighton——Two Stakes, two Plates of 100l. each, and one of 60gs.; also two Matches, and one forfeited:—Very good running for both the Stakes, and for two of the Plates.

Edinburgh—The King's Plate, the Ladies' Plate of 60gs. a 60gs. Plate, two Plates of 50l. each for Scotch hunters, and a Purse for the beaten horses, &c.—The Ladies' Plate was well contested for, at three heats, and won by about a neck; the rest were won very easy.

Haverford-West—Four Plates of 50l. each:—One good race, the others rather easy.

Knutsford—A Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (12 Subscribers); the Gold Cup; two Matches; a Subscription Plate; a Stakes of 10gs. each; a Handicap Purse; a Plate of 50l. and one 60l.; also a Stakes of 10gs. each, walked for; and a Match forfeited.—For the Produce Stakes, Cheshire-Round, (a Son of Cheshire-Cheese, and Maid of Ely) took the lead, and won without heading; for the Cup, Duchess and Whitelock ran a dead heat, but running over again, the former won by about a neck; the others were won rather easy.

Lewes—The King's Plate, two Stakes, a Match, the Ladies' Purse of 60gs. (walked for), and a Handicap of 50l.—All won cleverly.

Derby—A Stakes, and two Plates of 50l. each:—All won easy.

Huntingdon—Three Stakes, and two Plates of 70l. each:—Every race was well contested, and won with some difficulty.

Taunton—The Cup, and three 50l. Plates:—Some good running, though generally won easy at the end.

Bodmin—The Gold Cup, two Stakes, three 50l. Plates, three Matches, and one forfeited:—Very good running.

Newcastle, Staffordshire—The Gold Cup, a Stakes, and three 50l. Plates—Very little sport, being won rather easy.

Tré-Madock—Four Stakes; a Silver Cup, value 50l. with 50l. added; a Plate of 60gs. and a Match forfeited:—Three good races, the others easy.

Newbury—Two Stakes, and two Plates of 50l. each:—A good race for the Stakes; the others rather easy.

Nottingham—The King's Plate, the Gold Cup, three 50l. Plates, and a Hunters' Stakes; also the Cock-Tail Stakes, which were walked for—The Gold Cup was won by Agnes from Hippomenes by half a head; one of the Plates was won by Chryseïs, at four heats, one of which was deemed a dead one; the King's Plate, and the other two Fifties, were won at two heats each, but afforded some good running.

York August Meeting—For the full particulars of every race, time of running, &c. *we refer to our Magazine for September, No. 216.*

(To be continued.)

SWEEPSTAKES AT STOCKTON.

A Law Case tried in the Court of King's Bench, Dec. 15.

Melbourne *v.* Oliver.

THIS was an action brought to recover the sum of sixty guineas, won by the plaintiff's horse at Stockton races.

Mr. Parke stated the case. The plaintiff

plaintiff is a surgeon and apothecary, formerly of London, but now resident in Yorkshire, and the defendant is Clerk of the Stockton Course.—The plaintiff had entered a horse for a Sweepstakes of twenty guineas each, to be run for at the Stockton races in May last.—The rule of the Course was, that no horse should be entered after the 31st of March. The plaintiff's was entered on that day; but in two days after, a Mr. Hutchinson was permitted by the defendant, who was Clerk of the Course, to enter a horse. The original subscribers were Sir H. Vane Tempest, a Mr. Barret, one of the Stewards, and the plaintiff.—Sir H. Vane withdrew his horse before the day of running, and forfeited his subscription.—The plaintiff and the other subscribers, as soon as they heard of Mr. Hutchinson's entering, protested against it. At the race, Mr. Hutchinson's horse came in first, the plaintiff's second.—The Stewards refused to let Mr. Hutchinson's jockey be weighed at the end of the Course, though they had suffered him to be weighed at the commencement. The Stewards declared the plaintiff's horse to be the winner. But the defendant's assistant paid, by his order, the Sweepstakes, amounting to sixty guineas, to Mr. Hutchinson. The action was brought to recover this sum.

Witnesses were called, who proved the principal facts.

Mr. Scarlett, on the part of the defendant, in a humorous address, deplored the inability of his nag to keep pace with the steeds of his opponent (Mr. Parke), who not only had the start of him in the race, but had also booked two horses to run it; trusting both to the merits of the case, and to the decision of the arbitrators. He trusted, however, that, under such auspices as those of the Steward of the Course where the merits of the case were now to be tried (Lord Ellenborough), though he (Mr. Scarlett) could not pretend to compete with his friend (Mr. Parke), it would be here exemplified that the Stewards of Stockton Race-ground were not of opinion that the race ought to be to the swift, having preferred the plaintiff, who was the slower racer; so neither, where his Lordship presided, was the battle to the strong, but to him who had justice on his side.—Mr. Scarlett then took two points; first, that the Stewards, by allowing as they did Mr. H's horse to be advertised as one of those which were to run, sanctioned his reception; and, secondly, that the sum for which the plaintiff's horse ran was in fact only forty guineas, twenty of the sixty being his own; whereas the Act of 13th Geo. II. declares, that all races run for less than 50l. are illegal.

Lord Ellenborough said, that on the merits the Stewards had a right to decide, and that their award must be final, as in other cases of arbitration, unless partiality or fraud were proved against them. On the point of illegality, the sum run for was clearly the whole sum in the purse, which was not the property of any person till the decision of the race. The sum was full sixty guineas.—Verdict for the plaintiff, sixty guineas.

NATURAL HISTORY.

AN eagle was shot a few days ago, on Tredake, Cornwall, whilst feeding on the carcase of a sheep.

sheep. It was three feet long, from the extremities of its bill and tail. The expansion of its wings was six feet ten inches. Its body, neck, and head were brown; their plumage elegantly variegated with shades of darker brown. When separately examined, the feathers on its head and neck were narrow and sharp-pointed, and white, except their points, which were very brown. The feathers on its body were white, diversified with pale brown; their extremities very dark brown. The feathers in the pinions of its wings, were black; those next to them brown, and the rest white, here and there shaded with pale brown; their extremities dark brown. The feathers in its tail were fourteen inches long, almost all white, spotted partially with light brown; their extremities very dark brown. Its thighs were covered with reddish brown feathers, and its legs, partly, with feathers of the same colour. Its feet were yellow; its toes armed with long, curved, black talons. Its bill was curved and black, and from the appearance of its bill, talons, and feathers, the bird was young. When this mighty ærial adventurer descended on the sheep's carcase, the magpies and crows feeding thereon, in haste, with shrill chatter and dreadful cries, forsook their prey, and sought shelter in the nearest trees and thickets.

THE PORK BUTCHER, APOTHECARY, AND THE LAWYERS.

A humorous Trial in the Court of Common Pleas, December 7.

Price and Thomson *v.* Gynn.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiffs, surgeons and apothecaries, for 2l. 1s. being the amount of a bill for medicines and attendance on the defendant, a pork-butcher, and his daughter, during their confinement. It appeared that the defendant had got a sore toe, and his daughter a sore finger; in order to cure which the plaintiffs had been called in.—The demand for both cures was 3l. 11s. of which 1l. 10s. was paid.

Against the remaining 2l. 1s. the defendant demurred at first; but on hearing that a writ was taken out against him for the money, he went to Mr. Benjamin Bishop, the Attorney employed, in order to discharge it. He was there informed that the costs of the writ amounted to 2l. more, upon which he refused payment altogether.

Mary Gynn, daughter of the defendant, remembers her father's bad toe. The plaintiffs attended him; she saw Thomson there three times, might be more. Her father often went to the shop himself, and got advice and medicines. The soreness of the toe was merely occasioned by a tight shoe, and was not in a state of mortification at all. She thought much more about her own finger, than about the toe. Different medicine was brought for both complaints from the plaintiffs' shop. She used a lotion for her finger, and was ordered to keep it constantly wet.—She shewed her finger to a lady, a friend of her's, who bid her never mind their stuff, but put on a poultice of bread and milk, and she would soon get well; she did so, and recovered. She took an opening draught also.—1l. 10s. had been paid, and 2l. 1s. were still demanded by the apothecaries as due.

Charles Barry, a surgeon and apothecary, had the bill shewn him,

him, and considered the charges reasonable. He knew Messrs. Price and Thomson, they were practising surgeons.

Richard Hardon, also an apothecary, thought the charges reasonable. He knew apothecaries, as apothecaries merely, had no right to demand payment for attendance.

Sir James Mansfield—" I think it is a very terrible thing that an apothecary cannot charge attendance unless he gives physic, *whether it's wanted or not.*"

The plaintiffs' case being closed here, Mr. Serjeant Shepherd, contended for the defendant's readiness to pay the bill, even though he thought it exorbitant, until he was attempted to be saddled with additional law expences. The bill itself he deprecated as most unfair, and the quantity of medicines most unnecessary. " See gentlemen," said, he, " because this poor young lady happens to get a scratch on the top of her finger, she is most unconscionably condemned to an *opening draught!* Take care of your fingers, gentlemen, or the Lord have mercy on your bowels!" The family, indeed, seem to be victims to opening medicines of various kinds; for it appeared that after his unfortunate client had been mercilessly used by the medical physician, he found the *legal Doctor* prepared with a fresh prescription! Under such circumstances, his only remedy was to put himself under the protection of the Jury.

Scipio Robinson called.—*Sir James Mansfield*—What is that boy's Christian name?—*Serjeant Vaughan*:—*Scipio,* my Lord, a descendant, I suppose, from *Scipio Africanus.*

Scipio proved the payment of the 1l. 10s.

James Baylis, a surgeon and apothecary, on being shewn the bill, thought some of the charges more than usual. The *lotion* which was charged 6s. 6d. he thought might have been made for 3s. 6d.: certainly, if spirituous ingredients were mixed with it, it might come to more.

John Dennison, apothecary, a simple apothecary, was shewn the bill; he would not charge 3s. 6d. for the pint lotion.

Serjeant Vaughan — Do you swear, Sir, that you think it ought not to have been so charged?—A. *Not to all persons: do you think or suppose that I'd charge his Lordship's pork-butcher as much as I would himself?*

Sir James Mansfield—Very pleasant information.

Serjeant Vaughan—Pray, Sir, how long ought the pint lotion to have lasted?—A. I heard the young lady say, that she was to keep her finger constantly wet.—Now, I think, if she was at all *industrious,* she might get rid of it in a day.

Q. Do you see the charges for the opening draughts?

A. Yes, I see two opening draughts in this bill, on two successive days—one on the 14th, and one on the 15th. I suppose, my Lord, that on the 14th *missed fire.*

Sir James Mansfield—Pray, Sir, if the man's toe was in the state you have heard it described, would you have ordered these opening draughts!—A. Why, if he was costive, I should certainly *go boldly to work.*

Sir James Mansfield.—Look at the charges in that bill, and say whether or not, if you had so charged for your medicines, you would have made an extra charge for attendance? A. No, my Lord,

as I'm of the old school, not to the pork-butcher, but I certainly would to your Lordship.

Q. Have you ever charged for attendance? A. Never directly; but when I thought it ought to be considered, I have said so in a modest manner at the foot of the bill.

Serjeant Vaughan.—Now, Sir, you know butchers are often of a gross habit of body? They live well? A. Yes, Sir; I think, indeed, *all professions* do that when they can. No doubt, Sir, you take your wine.

Q. Well now, Sir, if the opening draught on the 14th *missed fire* on the butcher's gross body, don't you think the dose on the 15th would be necessary? A. I think if the first took effect the second was needless.

Q. Suppose, now, that a surgeon attended, are the spirituous lotions for the poultice charged too high? A. Since you are only *supposing*, I have to inform you that there are no spirits put in a poultice.

Two papers were here put in, written by Mr. Benjamin Bishop, proving the law demand upon the defendant.

Mr. Serjeant Vaughan said, since the person who wrote those papers was now dead, he would not comment on them. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* was an old adage, and Mr. Bishop was now at rest for ever, to the great joy of all his acquaintance. This case, he assured the Jury, was of the utmost importance to his client; as if a verdict was given only for 39s. 9d. he by the Act of Parliament, would have to pay double costs. Much had been said about the charges in the bill: the opening draught had been complained of; and it was even said that too great a quantity of linseed meal to make a poultice for the defendant's toe was attempted to be charged. "Oh, gentlemen, (said Serjeant Vaughan) would that I could produce this butcher here! No doubt he has a carcase bursting at every pore, and a toe that would take a quarter of a pound of meal to poultice it. *A toe!* I dare say it would cover Lord Wellington's position. Gentlemen, you all know *what a butcher is!* Many an opening draught it must have taken to open him, and many a tonic was necessary to shut him up again. As to the daughter, it appeared she had her finger sore."

Sir James Mansfield—"Aye, and she had an opening draught also."

Serjeant Vaughan.—"Oh, yes, my Lord, when a young lady is delicate, with a pimple on her face, or a scratch on her finger, a little physic is the only alternative. Gentlemen, I am pleading this day the united cause of physic and apothecaries, and I hope, for the honour of both, to obtain your verdict. If his Lordship, however, thinks the charges should be reduced, I have no hesitation in saying I would wish to withdraw the record."

Sir James Mansfield.—"Indeed, then, brother Vaughan, I do think that, considering the charges for medicine, the other charges are too high."

Serjeant Vaughan.—"Then, my Lord, I at once acquiesce, and withdraw the record."

Plaintiffs nonsuited.

GENERAL CLAVERING AND LORD FOLKESTONE.

WE are requested to insert the following statement:—

On the 7th instant, Brigadier-General

General Clavering addressed the letter No. 1 to Lord Folkestone.

No. I.

No. 2, Prince's-street, Cavendish-Square, Dec. 7, 1810.

My Lord—Having been abroad since December, 1809, I did not till lately meet with a book entitled "The Rival Princes."

In that work there is a letter signed "Folkestone," wherein a most unwarrantable liberty is taken with my name. But as it is impossible that a son of the Earl of Radnor could so degrade himself as, unprovoked, wantonly to sport with the character of any man, I hope your Lordship will assist me in endeavouring to discover the person who has presumed to shelter himself under your title, being satisfied that you must concur with me in opinion, that he is a most malicious and impertinent scoundrel.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, with great respect, your Lordship's obedient servant.

H. M. Clavering.

Viscount Folkestone. &c.

Upon the receipt of this letter, Lord Folkestone sent the answer No. 3, in an envelope, containing a note from Mr. Lushington, No. 2.

No. II.

Sir—I am desired by Lord Folkestone to forward the inclosed to you. His Lordship declines any correspondence in future, and requests that any further communication may be made through me.—I am your obedient humble servant, Stephen Lushington.

Dec. 7, 1810.

No. III. *Dec. 7, 1810.*

Sir—I have already publicly avowed, and again avow, the letter signed "Folkestone," and published in a work entitled the Rival Princes.

I will add, that the epithets you apply to the supposed unknown author of that letter are grossly false, and unbecoming the character of a gentleman to use.

Folkestone.

The next morning Gen. Clavering called upon Mr. Lushington, and having found him at home, delivered to him the following letter:—

No. IV.

No. 2, Prince's-street, Cavendish Square, Dec. 8, eight, a. m.

Sir—I have this instant the honour of your note, with an accompanying inclosure from Lord Folkestone.

His Lordship avows himself the author of a scurrilous letter, wherein he secretly stabbed at my character, and consequently appropriates to himself the opinion that I have been compelled to deliver of such an infamous proceeding: and he fancies he can irritate me by epithets, which I should most justly have incurred, had I permitted the letter alluded to in the Rival Princes to pass unnoticed.

Experience has proved to me that a man who is capable of wantonly attacking another, is equally capable of securing himself behind his privilege; therefore I will not send a challenge to such a member of Parliament; but if any man who, unprovoked, has attempted to assassinate me, should think fit to invite me to the field, I will attend for the avowed purpose of destroying him, or falling in the attempt; to accomplish which, such combat shall not be agreeable to usage on trifling points, at the vague distance of twelve paces, but shall either be decided with the broadsword, or with pistols, the muzzles in contact with each other: and if I should have the good fortune of meeting

meeting in public any man who shall have presumed to say or to write—"that I have acted unbecoming the character of a gentleman," the strength of my cane shall be tried upon his head.

Permit me, now, Sir, to apologise to you for being under the necessity of submitting what must be most unpleasant to peruse, trusting that in equity and impartiality you will acquit me of any intemperance, on considering the dilemma to which my Lord Folkestone's conduct has reduced me.—I have the honour to be, Sir, with great respect, your obedient humble servant,

H. M. CLAVERING.

Stephen Lushington, Esq.

Mr. Lushington having perused this letter, informed General Clavering that he should communicate it to Lord Folkestone; but that for himself, he must entirely decline being present or having any concern with a meeting such as described in that letter. General Clavering said, he had made up his mind; that his injuries were of no common sort; that the meeting should be upon the terms described in that letter, and upon no other; that he would have no second; that friends were too apt to settle such affairs. Mr. Lushington repeated his determination not to be present on the terms mentioned, nor at all, except General Clavering was attended by a friend; and added, that he did not think Lord Folkestone had acted with the intention Gen. Clavering imputed to him, from the intimacy which had subsisted between Lord Folkestone and a near connection of General Clavering's, uninterrupted even by the publication of his letter, which had been done in breach of confidence. General Clavering replied, that he could not consider the matter in that light; that Lord Folkestone ought to have apologised to him, when he did to others. In this conversation Mr. Lushington observed, that he was quite sure that Lord Folkestone had no intention of availing himself of any privilege of Parliament; that none existed in the present case, as no part of the transaction concerned any proceedings in the House. On those points General Clavering differed.

Mr. Lushington communicated the letter, No. 4, to Lord Folkestone; and the same day waited upon General Clavering, and delivered to him No. 5.

No. V. *Dec.* 8, 1810.

SIR—I have with the least possible delay communicated to Lord Folkestone your letter; and I am requested by his Lordship to say, that he is ready to meet you upon any terms which may be agreed upon by any gentleman on your part, and myself on his; that his Lordship never entertained the idea of availing himself of any privilege of Parliament, and he does not consider that there exists any applicable to the present case.—I am your obedient, humble servant,

STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

H. M. Clavering, Esq.

General Clavering having read this letter, observed, that he had for three weeks carefully deliberated upon the line of conduct he should pursue; it was detailed in his letter (No. 4), and from that he would not swerve; that he did not consider this a common case—not a difference upon slight points, which could be settled in the usual mode; that if he went out, he went fully determined to exterminate Lord Folkestone, or to be exterminated himself: he repeated, that he went with the same disposition

as

as to meet an enemy in the field: he considered his injury so great, that he would not leave the decision to chance: that the letter, though not intended for publication, had not been disavowed, as Lord Folkestone thought fit to do by the others: that he would appoint no second whatever, but would abide by what he had first written: that one of his reasons was, that seconds were usually satisfied to have an apology made, and to that he would never consent.

Mr. Lushington said Lord Folkestone had not any intention of offering any apology, and repeated this distinctly afterwards.

General Clavering replied, he had not consulted any one upon this occasion; that, perhaps, he should have a difficulty in finding a friend whose mind was wrought up to the pitch his was: that he would meet Lord Folkestone in five minutes, in that room, in Lord Folkestone's, or in the garden; but that he would not name any person to act on his part.

Mr. Lushington said, he could not think of being present alone.

General Clavering observed, that he should be well satisfied to have Mr. Lushington only; but that though he had no thoughts of a surgeon, yet he would not object to one being present having no authority to act in any way for him, and that it should be so understood.

Mr. Lushington replied, that though quite unused to these matters, yet that he had always understood that it was usual and right for a gentleman to attend on each side, and that nothing should induce him to go out singly.

General Clavering asked if Lord Folkestone would consent to meet him on the terms mentioned in his letter?

Mr. Lushington replied, that Lord Folkestone had already given his answer, which was written in No. 5; namely, that he would meet General Clavering in any way, which might be deemed fair and proper by two gentlemen, one appointed on each side.

This question was repeated by General Clavering, and he was again referred to the letter No. 5; upon which General Clavering observed he would not appoint any one.

Mr. Lushington then said, "Am I to understand that you refuse to accept Lord Folkestone's offer of meeting you, and giving satisfaction in the mode expressed in that letter, namely, to be fixed by two gentlemen, one appointed on each side, as it is usual and customary?"

General Clavering observed, that he considered the injury as such, that he would not consent to accept that offer.

Mr. Lushington said, that in matters of this sort distinctness and clearness were of the greatest importance, and that in Lord Folkestone's name he again demanded if General Clavering would accept the offer made of meeting him in the field in the manner to be fixed by seconds?

Gen. Clavering more than once refused.

Mr. Lushington said, that as Lord Folkestone's offer of satisfaction had been explicitly refused, he was authorised by Lord Folkestone to tell General Clavering, that he declined having any thing further whatever to do with him.

General Clavering replied, he supposed Lord Folkestone was aware of what he threatened to do if he met him in the street, as he had in his letter, No. 4, stated his determination.

Mr.

Mr. Lushington answered, that Lord Folkestone had read the letter, and must be aware of its contents; and added, that as Lord Folkestone's proposal was refused, there was an end of his mission; but that he was ready to be the channel of any future communication, if General Clavering should think fit to make any.

General Clavering desired Mr. Lushington, who was quitting the room, to come back, and said he would write to a friend, who perhaps would consent to be his second on his own terms; that he would mention the affair to him, and make a communication to Mr. Lushington on the Monday following.

On Sunday General Clavering called upon Mr. Lushington, and said he had been down into the country to a friend of his, Captain Smith, of the Navy, who had kindly consented to be his second on this occasion: that he would candidly confess that Captain Smith disapproved of his letter No. 4, and that therefore the part relating to close fighting must be considered as retracted; that considering all the circumstances, he thought he might be excuseable.

On Monday, December 10th, Captain Smith and Mr. Lushington met; and having become mutually responsible to each other, that the respective parties for which they acted would rigidly abide by their united decision, and thinking the dispute might be adjusted in a manner strictly honourable to both parties by mutual concession, came to the following agreement:—

"General Clavering is sensible that the letter he wrote to Lord Folkestone contained very improper expressions, which were dictated by the warmth of irritated feelings; but which, upon cool reflection, he retracts and disavows.

"Lord Folkestone considered it as impossible, whilst those letters remained disavowed, for him to say any thing respecting his letter published in the "Rival Princes;" but these letters being recalled, he does now, as he would have done in the first instance, had they not been written, admit that he is sorry that any expression offensive to General Clavering, in a private letter of his, should, through a breach of confidence, have been made public: and he adds, that he never had any intention of giving offence to General Clavering.

"MATTHEW SMITH, Capt. in the Royal Navy.
"STEPHEN LUSHINGTON."

PRIZE FIGHTING.

THE great battle between Crib, the renowned champion, and Molineaux, the American Black, took place on Tuesday, the 18th instant, on Copthall Common, near East Grinstead, Sussex, for 200 guineas, and a subscription purse of 100 guineas. Such was the anxiety as to the result of this battle, that the road to the scene of action was thronged at an early hour on Monday afternoon, inasmuch as beds could not be obtained for half the number who required them. At twelve o'clock the combatants met at the appointed spot. Molineaux first entered the ring with his seconds, Richmond and Jones, and some time after Crib appeared with his seconds, Gulley and Joe Ward.—Betting was three to one on Crib.

THE BATTLE.

Round 1. Molineaux hit Crib slightly on the breast after some cautious

cautious sparring, which was returned by hits on the head and body, and Crib threw his man.

2. A most determined and desperate rally, in which Molineaux hit Crib on the mouth, which produced first blood, and several hard blows were exchanged to the advantage of Crib.

3. Molineaux commenced a rally, in which Crib doubled him up by a blow in the body, of the most obstructive kind, but the Black immediately got on his legs.

4. A smart rally was commenced by the Black, and a sharp rally ensued, in which the Black was again knocked down.

5. This was, perhaps, one of the most severe rounds ever recorded. In a most desperate and courageous rally, in which blows were exchanged to the advantage of each, Molineaux was again knocked down, or he fell from the wetness of the ground.

6. The Black hit his adversary in the commencement of a rally, and Crib slipped in his efforts to return it, but he recovered and knocked down his adversary.

7. Crib hit his adversary down in a rally.—Five to one on Crib.

8. This round was contested with courage, and to the spectators Crib beat his adversary apparently senseless, after a very severe round.

9. Molineaux, with true courage, commenced another rally, and both men stood and hit until Crib fell by accident.

10. Another round, in which the Black shewed superiority in strength. For two minutes hits were exchanged to the disadvantage of Crib, who had manifested weakness, but the Black was down.

11. This round was courageously maintained by the Black, who hit down his man.

12. Crib hit his adversary a dreadful body blow, but Molineaux returned it on the head. The fight continued until the 20th round in favour of Molineaux, inasmuch as he had shewn himself superior in strength to his adversary, and had bored on him with that sort of courage which beat down science by hitting. In the 20th round the Black again became weak, and he seized the ropes of the ring for support, and held Crib there. The outer ring for a short time was broken, but the fight was renewed. Crib was weak but courageous, and the Black determined. Crib had attempted to beat his man, who was esteemed a novice, off hand, but in this he was bitterly deceived, for the Black is, without exception, the best in-fighter of courage in this country. Crib finding he could not beat his man by gaiety of fighting, resorted to his safe mode, that of milling on a retreat, and it was perhaps by that Molineaux, who is as good a man as ever entered a ring, lost his battle. His hitting on retreating is Crib's best forte, if the expression best may be allowed, and it was by this alone that he won this battle. If Crib had superior science, Molineaux had courage equal, and it was his bottom which brought the contest in his favour, as two to one was betted in favour of Molineaux in the 30th round of the battle.

The battle lasted fifty-five minutes, in which forty-four rounds took place, and it was all hard fighting. The two men were so dreadfully beaten, that their sight was altogether lost, and their bodies were in the most emaciated state, from the repetition of heavy blows constantly administered.—When the battle was decided, nature had left Molineaux, and Crib could

could not have staid much longer, but his gameness bore him out.

Crib has been a rising boxer for about seven years, and after his battle with Gregson he reached the summit of pugilistic fame. Molineaux had vanquished two sturdy professors with tolerable ease, and, ambitious of fame, he challenged Crib, who had held his pugilistic powers in contempt. Such was the opinion of the best judges of boxing, that it was even betting that Crib beat his man in twenty, twenty-five, and thirty minutes, and seven to two on the final result. He was always a safe and good fighter, who took time in beating his men, but in this instance he acted the offensive part of making play, and he added another laurel to his pugilistic fame, for the oldest amateur never viewed more science in a Belcher, nor more courage in a Gulley, than he displayed.

After ten minutes fighting, it was evident that Molineaux was as courageous a man as ever his adversary contended with, for although the body hits administered by Crib were such as half the company could only view with feelings of sympathy for Molineaux, who was also blind of one eye, yet he bored in upon his man, and fought hit for hit until one or both were down. Molineaux hit as violently as Crib, and he doubtless possessed more strength, although weights were nearly equal. Betting became two to one in favour of this supposed novice, and the utmost silence pervaded the ring. Crib was hit down in one round during this silence, and the best judges did not suppose he would appear again in time, but as stated by James Belcher, in the ring, Crib would beat a good man after a momentary recovery. It at length became any body's battle, for Crib took to his usual method of cautious fighting, but Molineaux always would be hitting with him. Crib's only hope of winning was in placing a good hit upon the eye with which his adversary had some sight, and this he accomplished; but the game of the Black was such that he sparred at his man and fought quite blind. It was a battle even more sanguinary than that betwixt Gulley and Gregson, at Newmarket. It was all hitting, with two as courageous men as ever stripped for combat. Molineaux fought all at the head, and the champions were alike disfigured. A gentleman, who stood near the ring, reckoned forty-six *facers*, according to the *classical* phraseology of pugilism, given by Crib to his adversary!

The string of vehicles from the field of battle reached six miles.—During the contest, lords, nobles, and commoners, to the amount of 10,000, got a complete soaking by a heavy rain, which was on at the setting-to of the champions, and continued until long after the close of the performance. The owner of the turnpike tolls near the scene of action took money enough to pay the rent of the gate for a whole year.

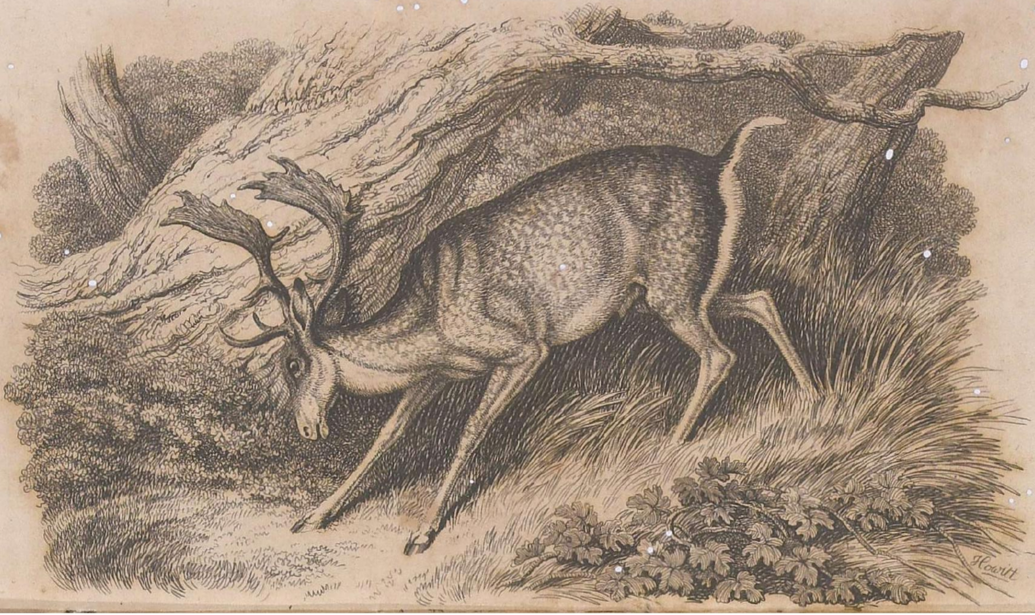
Mr. Pinkney, the American Ambassador, is said to have been among the spectators.

BUCK FRAYING.

An Etching by Mr. Howit.

BUCK fraying, or, in other words, rubbing itself against a tree. This is all the description of this plate we deem necessary, as our former remarks on the works of this artist will apply alike to the present as to his Etchings already given in our Magazine.

ALPHA-


Howitt

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE WINNING HORSES, &c. IN 1810.

In calculating the TOTALS of the SUMS of the WINNERS we have to observe, for the information of those Gentlemen concerned, that the STAKES of OWNERS are not included; this is in consequence of its being a practice of the JOCKEY CLUB at Newmarket, to exempt the Stakes of the Proprietor of every Winning-Horse, &c.; considering the *amount* to be *only* the clear sum gained; by this rule, a horse winning any Stake or Stakes, not exceeding 50l. is therefore not disqualified from running for a 50l. Plate, expressed to be for horses, &c. "*that never won Plate, Match, or Stakes of that value.*"

Ages. GOT BY ACASIA (SON OF TURF). *No. of Prizes.*

YELLOW BOY, Captain Butler's, 100gs. at Durham.......... 1

BY ADMIRAL (SON OF YOUNG PUMPKIN).

7 Roan Mare, Mr. West's, 50l. at Oxford; Sir H. Lippincott's, 50l. at Swansea 2

BY AGONISTES (SON OF SIR PETER).

5 Whitworth, Mr. Shafto's, one of the Subscription Purses of 233l. 15s. at York; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Northallerton 2

BY ALEXANDER (SON OF ECLIPSE).

Alex, Mr. Houlsworth's, 70gs. at Nottingham 1

4 Benvolio, Lord Wilton's, twice 100gs. at Newmarket; Lord Grosvenor's, 100gs. at Newmarket.......... 3

5 Berenice, Lord Wilton's, 70l. at Newton; 110gs. at Knutsford; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Newcastle, Staffordshire; and 80gs. at Tarporley 4

8 Bucephalus, Mr. Trevanion's, the Silver Cup, value 50gs. at Goodwood; and the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Bodmin.......... 2

3 Br. Filly, (dam by Chariot) Sir T. Stanley's, 100gs. at Knutsford 1

3 Hephestion, Lord Grosvenor's, 1700gs. at Newmarket.......... 1

7 Julius Cæsar, Mr. C. Norton's, 75gs. at Newmarket.......... 1

BY ALEXANDER THE GREAT (SON OF ALEXANDER).

3 Cassander, Sir F. Evelyn's, twice 50l. at Newmarket.......... 2

3 Queen of Sheba, Mr. Blake's, 210gs. at Newmarket 1

BY ALONZO (SON OF PEGASUS).

4 Bay Filly, (dam by Magog) Mr. Brandling's, 80gs. at Newcastle.. 1

BY AMBROSIO (SON OF SIR PETER).

4 Br. Colt, Lord Suffield's, the Woburn Stakes at Bedford 1

7 Jewess, Mr. Hallett's, 50l. 65gs. and 50l. at Cardiff; Sir H. Lippincott's, 50l. at Monmouth 4

5 Matilda, Mr. Whitmore's, 50l. 100gs. and 50gs. at Kingscote.... 1

BY ARCHDUKE (SON OF SIR PETER).

6 Spitfire, Mr. Loftus's, the Hunters' Stakes at Lamberton, Stockton, Morpeth, Northallerton, and Richmond. 5

BY ASPARAGUS (SON OF POT8O'S).

4 Chryseïs, General Grosvenor's, 90gs. at Huntingdon, and 50l. at Nottingham.......... 2

Ages. BY BARNABY (SON OF STRIDE). *No. of Prizes.*

3 Ches. Colt, (dam by Mercury) Sir H. Nettlethorpe's, 50l. at Beverley; and 50l. at Grimsby 2

BY BENINGBROUGH (SON OF KING FERGUS).

3 Bay Colt, (dam by Moorcock) Lord Montgomerie's, 50gs. at Ayr; and 50l. at Stirling 2
4 Bay Malton, (late Spider) Mr. Shaw's, 70l. at Newton, and 50l. at Nantwich 2
6 Bay Mare, Mr. Simpson's, 50l. at Edinburgh 1
6 Belinda, Lord Grey's, 80l. at Manchester; Lord Stamford's, 50l. at Worcester; 50l. at Walsall; and 50l. at Wrexham 4
4 Diana, Lord Montgomerie's, 50gs. at Irvine; 50l. and 25gs. at Ayr 2
6 Hylas, Lord Lowther's, 60gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket 2
4 Lancaster, Duke of Hamilton's, the Earl of Chester's 100gs. and the Cup, value 60gs. at Chester 2
3 Oriana, Sir W. Gerard's, the Oaks' Stakes of 950gs. at Epsom 1
5 Patriot, Mr. Mortimer's, 70l. at Durham 1
4 Persian, Lord Lowther's, 50l. at Chesterfield; and 50l. at Carlisle 2
3 Rovedino, Sir J. Lawson's, 200gs. at York; and 160gs. at Richmond 2
7 Thorn, Mr. Andrews's, 100gs. at Newmarket 1
3 Trophonius, Mr. N. B. Hodgson's, 140gs. also the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 10gs. in specie, at Newcastle; Lord Darlington's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. at Doncaster; the Gold Cup, value 100gs. and 113l. at Richmond 5
6 White-Rose, Captain Weir's, twice 50l. at Totness; and 50l. at Bodmin 3

BY BOASTER (SON OF DUNGANNON).

2 Bay Colt, (dam by Grouse) Mr. Golding's, 80gs. at Stamford 1
5 Gift, Mr. Williams's, 50l. at Stamford; and 50l. at Bedford 2
3 Little Jack, Mr. Golding's, 50l. at Barnet 1

BY BOBTAIL (SON OF PRECIPITATE).

3 Sprite, Mr. Shakespear's, 350gs. and twice 200gs. at Newmarket; also 350gs. at Ascot 4

BY BUSTARD (SON OF WOODPECKER).

5 Jubilee Jack, Mr. Howorth's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Newmarket; also 50l. at Epsom 3

BY BUZZARD (SON OF WOODPECKER).

9 Bustard, Lord Sackville's, 90gs. at Maddington; Mr. Bouverie's, 50l. at Maddington; and 40gs. at Bibury 3
7 Deceiver, Lord Sackville's, 50gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket 2
5 Fanny, Sir J. Shelley's, 400gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket 3
6 Gladiator, Mr. Batson's, 60gs. at Ascot 1
6 Invalid, Lord Stawell's, 50gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Howorth's, twice 100gs. at Newmarket 3
5 John O'Gaunt, Mr. F. Craven's, 50gs. at Reading 1
5 Rubens, Lord Darlington's, the Craven Stakes of 50gs. at Newmarket 1

BY

Ages. BY CÆSARIO (SON OF JOHN BULL). *No. of Prizes.*

3 Donna Clara, Lord Grosvenor's, 50gs. and twice 100gs. at Newmarket; also the Queen's Purse of 100gs. at Chelmsford...... 4

3 Eccleston, Lord Grosvenor's, 50l. at Newmarket; Lord G. H. Cavendish's, 200gs. 400gs. and 200gs. at Newmarket.............. 4

3 Fourth of June, Mr. Bayley's, 50l. at Warwick; 50l. at Shrewsbury; and 50l. at Wrexham 3

3 Jubilee, Lord Grosvenor's, 100gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Howorth's, 25gs. at Newmarket.................................. 2

3 Miss Brewer, (late Hesperia) Mr. S. Buckle's, 50l. at Peterborough 1

BY CHANCE (SON OF LURCHER).

3 Bay Filly, (dam by Dragon) Mr. T. Duncombe's, 100gs. at York 1

3 Bay Filly, (dam by Pegasus) Mr. T. Duncombe's, 160gs. at York 1

4 Chancina, Mr. Brackenbury's, 100gs. at Pontefract............ 1

BY CHESHIRE CHEESE (SON OF SIR PETER).

2 Bay Colt, (out of Bellona) Captain Vyse's, 190gs. at Egham 1

3 Cheesefactor, Mr. C. Cholmondeley's, twice 25gs. at Chester; and 100gs. at Holywell 3

3 Cheshire-Round, Sir W. Hunloke's, twice 100gs. at Chester; and the Produce Stakes of 1200gs. at Knutsford............... 3

4 Ches. Gelding, (dam by Weathercock) Mr. Nicholas's, 60gs. at Stafford 1

3 Gloster, Mr. Vansittart's, 125gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket...... 2

4 Little Preston, Lord Oxford's, 50l. at Oswestry 1

3 Ramaquin, General Grosvenor's, 25gs. 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket.. 3

4 Royal Prince, Mr. Kirby's, twice 50l. at Malton; the King's Plate, the Silver Cup, value 60gs. with 45gs. in specie, and 50l. at Newcastle; also a compromise at York; Sir C. Douglas's, 60gs. and 100gs. at Carlisle.................................... 8

4 Stilton, Lord Stamford's, 65gs. at Knutsford; and 50l. at Worcester 2

BY CITIZEN (SON OF CITIZEN).

Agiana, Mr. C. Smith's, 200gs. at Manchester 1

BY CLOWN (SON OF BOURDEAUX).

a. Ches. Gelding, (dam by Meteor) Mr. Lacey's, 45gs. at Nottingham 1

BY COCKFIGHTER (SON OF OVERTON).

3 First-Fly, Mr. E. L. Hodgson's, 50gs. at Pontefract............ 1

4 Gamecock, Mr. Howson's, 50l. at Lincoln...................... 1

3 Violante, Mr. Harrison's, 200gs. at York...................... 1

BY CORIOLANUS (SON OF SIR PETER).

3 Morgiana, Mr. Clifton's, 50l. at Worcester; and 50l. at Hereford.. 2

BY DELPINI (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

3 Atalanta, Mr. Peirse's, 90gs. at York......................... 1

3 Grey Colt, (out of Rosalind) Mr. Garforth's, 200gs. at Malton; and 140gs. at York....................................... 2

3 Grey Colt, (out of Bounce's dam) Mr. Hotham's, the Cup, with 105gs. in specie, at Lincoln............................. 1

3 Grey

Ages. *No. of Prizes.*

3 Grey Colt, (out of Louisa) Duke of Hamilton's, 75gs. at Chester; and 200gs. at Preston ... 2
3 Grey Colt, (out of Cordelia) Mr. Nanney's, 50gs. at Tré-Madock 1
4 Grey Filly, (sister to Snowdrop) Mr. Skelton's, 60gs. at Chester.. 1
8 Grimaldi, Mr. Pryse's, the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with 80gs. in specie, at Oxford ... 1
3 Lady Little, Duke of Hamilton's, 60gs. at Lancaster... 1
4 Lutwych, Mr. Robinson's, 50l. at Chester; Mr. Benson's, twice 50l. at Bridgenorth; and 50l. at Warwick... 4
4 Palafox, Sir C. Douglas's, 50gs. at Dumfries... 1
5 Silversides, Mr. Farquharson's, 100gs. at Maddington... 1
3 Sledmere, Sir M. M. Sykes's, 120gs. at Malton ... 1
5 Talavera, Mr. Wallace's, 65gs. at Ayr... 1

BY DEVI SING (SON OF ECLIPSE).

Bachelor, Mr. Fytche's, 50l. at Lincoln ... 1

BY DIAMOND (SON OF HIGHFLYER).

3 Forest-Lass, Mr. Fletcher's, 60gs. at Tré-Madock... 1
3 Ruby, Mr. C. Browne's, 50l. at Nottingham ... 1
3 Sapphire, Sir T. Stanley's, 50l. at Nantwich; and 25gs. at Knutsford ... 2

BY DICK ANDREWS (SON OF JOE ANDREWS).

4 All-Dicky, (out of Toy) Mr. Douglas's, 138l. 15s. at Maddington 1
4 Rum-Dick, (out of Ruby) Mr. Douglas's, 50l. at Stockbridge; and 50l. at Taunton ... 2

BY DIOMED (LORD LOWTHER'S).

a. Pyramid, Mr. Watson's, 65gs. at Stamford... 1

BY DON QUIXOTE (SON OF ECLIPSE).

8 Artichoke, Sir T. Mostyn's, the Silver Cup, value 50l. with 50l. added, and 45gs. at Tré-Madock ... 2
3 Ball, Mr. Prince's, 50l. at Chelmsford; and 70l. at Huntingdon.. 2
3 Bay Colt, (out of Fanny) Lord Milton's, 1050gs. at York... 1
4 Cervantes, Lord Milton's, 600gs. at York; and 700gs. at Doncaster 2
4 Cock-Robin, Lord Jersey's, 200gs. 100gs. 200gs. and 150gs. at Newmarket ... 4
4 Jeremy, Lord Jersey's, 150gs. at Newmarket; Mr. Howorth's, 50l. at Bedford ... 2
4 Levant, Lord Darlington's, 150gs. at Newmarket... 1
4 Nicholas, Lord Jersey's, twice 50gs. 200gs. and 100gs. at Newmarket ... 4
4 Whitenose, Lord Fitzwilliam's, 40gs. at York; and 75gs. at Doncaster ... 2

BY DOTTEREL (SON OF BUZZARD).

Robin-Hood, Mr. Peach's, 100gs. and 50gs. at Blandford... 2
3 The Thrasher, Mr. Radclyffe's, 50l. at Stockbridge; 50gs. at Blandford; and 50gs. at Southampton ... 3

BY DRIVER (SON OF TRENTHAM).

3 Lucilla, Mr. King's, 80gs. at Beverley; and 100gs. at Pontefract 2

(To be continued.)

LAW

LAW CASES APPLICABLE TO SPORTSMEN, &c.

BOYD *v.* GISSING.—*(Court of Common Pleas, Dec. 1).*

THIS was an action to recover 22l. 10s. to the defendant for two pointers, warranted staunch, &c.

The plaintiff is a gentleman of fortune, residing at Teddington, and the defendant a dealer in dogs. On the dogs being tried, they flushed several covies of birds, and were altogether useless. The plaintiff agreed to take a setter dog of the defendant's, which the latter also warranted, for 12l. and if disapproved of, the three dogs were to be returned, and the money refunded. The setter was described by a game-keeper as a Newfoundland dog in action. A justification was set up that the dogs were not returned in time.—Verdict for the plaintiff.

BOHLE *v.* WALLIS.——*(Court of King's Bench, Dec. 3.)*

This was an action brought to recover 100l. on a bill of exchange, and 137l. for goods sold.

It appeared that the plaintiff was a tailor, and the defendant a gentleman of the first-rate fortune as a fashionable man; he was a captain in the army, member of the Whig-Club, and a member of the Whip-Club. He kept servants and horses, and the present demand was for his and their clothing. One article was an *upper benjamin,* eight guineas; and a *bang-up* great coat, ten guineas.

The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—237l. and 40s. costs.

CUMBERLEGE *v.* HANCOCK.——*(King's Bench, Dec. 3.)*

This was an action by a Captain in the army to recover the value of a horse, which was sold by the defendant to the plaintiff under a warranty of being quiet, on the ground that the horse was restive and would not go in harness. By the witnesses for the plaintiff it was proved, that when he put him in harness, the beast reared and kicked, and actually walked several yards on his hind legs only. For the defendant, on the contrary, a number of witnesses, who had long known the horse, proved that it was a most quiet and docile animal.—The jury found a verdict for the defendant.

HUMPSTON *v.* DIXON.—*(King's Bench, Dec. 4.)*

The plaintiff in this case was the assignee on the bankrupt estate of a coachmaker, of the name of Davis, and the action was brought to recover 222l. as the value of a curricle, chariot, caravan, sets of harness, &c. entrusted by the bankrupt to the defendant, who is the keeper of the Repository, Barbican, to be sold on the bankrupt's account, subsequent to the commission by Davis of an act of bankruptcy.

The fact of an act of bankruptcy having been committed by Mr. Davis previous to the articles in question being sent to the Repository to be disposed of, was proved.—The price put upon the articles, and under which they were not to be sold, was proved by the bankrupt to be 222l. and a broker also valued the articles at 217l.

For the defendant, a claim for commission, to the amount of 22l. was set up, which was not disputed.—It was, in addition, maintained, that the articles sent to be sold were

were greatly over-valued, some of them, even to the extent of one-half, being all they had brought by public auction at the Repository. Evidence to this effect also was adduced, but it appearing on the cross-examination that one of the purchasers was brother-in-law to the defendant, and another of them a person who sometimes *bought in* at the defendant's sales,

Mr. Park, on the suggestion of Lord Ellenborough, consented that a verdict should go against the defendant for the smaller valued amount, *minus* the commission, being 195l.

HOLLAND *v.* TOMBS.——*(King's Bench, Dec. 4.)*

The plaintiff in this case was the assignee under a commission of bankrupt, against William Kinsey, a coach-maker, and the action was brought for the balance of the price of a curricle, built by the bankrupt for the defendant, Capt. Tombs, and of certain *extras,* as they are called, furnished to said curricle.

It appeared that an agreement had been made between Captain Hanbury, a friend of Capt. Tombs, and the bankrupt, previous to the building of the carriage in question, that the price should not exceed 120l. or 120 guineas; certain alterations had afterwards been suggested by Captain Hanbury in the course of the erection, but still under the express declaration that he had no authority to raise the price above the sum of 120l. agreed on; Captain Hanbury, at the same time, however, represented his friend as extremely liberal, and one not likely to allow a tradesman to lose by him; in consequence of which alterations and extras to the amount of upwards of 80l. were made; among others, a rumble, with trunks. These, to the amount of about 60l. were ordered or approved of by the defendant himself; but it appeared that to a greater extent above the sum agreed for, than the alterations so ordered or approved of, payments had been made by the defendant to the bankrupt.

Lord Ellenborough, in these circumstances, the agent for the defendant having no right to bind him beyond the sum for which he was authorised to contract; and builders of curricles or coaches having no right to incommode the vehicle with rumbles, or any other excrescence or incumbrance for which they had received no orders, thought the plaintiff must fail in his present demand.

Mr. Jekyll, for the plaintiff, agreed in this remark, and was afraid that his client must consent to be *rumbled out of Court.*—Plaintiff nonsuited.

LAWS OF THE ROAD.

ANSANDO *versus* BRANDON *(King's Bench, Dec. 10.)*

The following action of trespass, in which Mr. Bernard Ansando was plaintiff, and a Mr. Brandon defendant, we lay before our readers, in order that the public may understand correctly the full extent of that custom, which is now emphatically termed the law of the road. As Mr. Ansando was travelling in his own chaise to his country seat, near Mortlake, on the third of last September, he was encountered with such violence by the defendant driving in a gig, that the shaft of the gig entering the neck of Mr. Ansando's horse, wounded him so desperately that he died in little

little more than an hour. Mr. Ansando's coachman and Mr. Brandon were both driving on what is called the wrong side respectively, both having their left hands instead of their right to the centre of the road. It was proved, on the trial, that Brandon must have seen the other, as it was not then dark, and the coachman swore that he could see one hundred and fifty yards before him, and that the road was wide enough to admit of five or six carriages. Under these circumstances, when the violation of the custom, or law of the road, was attended with no inconvenience, and when Mr. B.'s gig was almost opposite to the carriage, from some sudden impulse he thought proper to pass over to his own side with such rapidity, that the accident above mentioned was the immediate consequence. The coachman and another witness were cross-examined; but as no contradiction took place, and as Counsel for the defendant admitted that he had nothing but circumstantial to oppose to positive evidence, the Jury, under the direction of his Lordship, gave their verdict for the plaintiff, to the amount of ninety-two guineas, for the horse and other losses with which the accident was attended.

An allusion being made to Christian's explanation of the law of the road, as found in his notes on Blackstone, vol. i. cap. 74, Lord Ellenborough was pleased to remark, that the custom must not be enforced unnecessarily, or so as to produce inconvenience.

BASSETT *v.* COLLIS.——*(King's Bench, Friday, Dec.* 13.

This was an action to recover compensation on the warranty of soundness in a horse which was alledged to be unsound. Several witnesses were called to prove the contract. They stated a conversation between the plaintiff and defendant, in which the latter referred to the sale then past, but no actual proof was given of any warranty at the time of sale. The horse was bought by the defendant, a farmer near Croydon, as a husbandry horse, and it turned out to be what the jockies call a *roarer*, which is a defect in the wind.—One of the witnesses said this was a complaint which would come suddenly and go again.—The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

BETTING AT TATTERSAL's.

STATE of the Betting for the Claret, Derby, and Oaks Stakes.

CLARET.

7 to 2 agst Treasurer.
4 to 1 agst The Dandy.
9 to 2 agst Pirouette.
9 to 2 agst Oriana.
8 to 1 agst Crispin.
12 to 1 agst Hephestion.

DERBY.

12 to 1 agst D. of Grafton's Dabchick colt.
13 to 1 agst Lord Jersey's Sir Peter colt.
13 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's Sylph colt.
14 to 1 agst Sir S. Sitwell's colt.
15 to 1 agst Sir John Shelley's colt.
16 to 1 agst Brother to Morel.
16 to 1 agst Ld Egremont's Mountebank.
18 to 1 agst Mr. Forth's Schoolboy.
18 to 1 agst Magic.
20 to 1 agst Lord Lowther.

20 to 1 agst Mr. Watson's, out of Sister to Bangtail.
20 to 1 agst Lord Rous's colt by Beningbrough.

OAKS.

8 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish.
10 to 1 agst Sister to Whalebone.
11 to 1 against Sir John Shelley's Houghton Lass filly.
12 to 1 agst Sister to Penelope.
12 to 1 agst Lord Grosvenor.
12 to 1 agst Lord Egremont's Belissima filly.
15 to 1 agst General Gower's Dick Andrews filly.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING.

Tuesday, November 13.

FIRST WESTACRE FIELD.—CUP.

MR. Merest's blk. b. Octavia, beat Mr. Young's bl. d. Van.

Mr. Tyssen's blk. and wh. b. Troublesome, beat Mr. Caldwell's br. b. p. Kneebuckle.

Mr. Upcher's blk. d. Pet, beat Mr. Hamond's blk. d. Quod.

Mr. Vernon's blk. d. Emperor, beat Mr. Weston's blk. b. Hannah.

Lord Rivers's blk. d. Rammer, beat Sir W. Clayton's blk. b. Union.

Mr. Scott's blk. b. p. Frisk, beat Colonel Lovelace's blk. and wh. Magpie.

Mr. F. Hammond's blk. d. Westacre, beat Mr. H. Redhead's blk. d. Yorick.

Mr. Gurney's blk. d. Augusta, beat Captain Wyatt's blk. d. p. Junius.

Wednesday, November 14.

NARBOROUGH AND SMEE FIELDS.—CUP.

Mr. Vernon's Emperor, beat Mr. F. Hammond's Westacre.

Mr. Merest's Octavia, beat Lord Rivers's Rammer.

Mr. Scott's Frisk, beat Mr. Tyssen's Troublesome.

Mr. Gurney's Augusta, beat Mr. Upcher's Pet.

Thursday, November 15.

CLEY FIELD.—CUP.

Mr. Gurney's Augusta, beat Mr. Vernon's Emperor.

Mr. Merest's Octavia, beat Mr. Scott's Frisk.

Friday, November 16.

SECOND WESTACRE FIELD.—CUP.

Mr. Merest's Octavia, beat Mr. Gurney's Augusta, and won the cup.

There were several matches each day, which afforded considerable sport.

SPORTING QUERY.

From the York Herald.

MR. EDITOR,

AS your's appears to be a great *Hunting Paper*, as *Sir Archy Macsarcasm* says—" from the FLEA in the BLANKET to the ELEPHANT in the FOREST,"—You can, no doubt, solve my doubts as to the following:—

When I left England, about twelve years ago, foxhunters used to start about SIX in the morning, and I suppose the foxes were then awake; but by reference to your Herald for 1809 and part of 1810, which I occasionally receive, I observe the good breeding of the present race of hunters induces them to start at ELEVEN; from which I am led to believe, that the foxes are grown equally fashionable, and do not wish to be disturbed before that hour, which is certainly making it agreeable and comfortable to all parties. BUGLE.

Trincomalee, May, 1810.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

A Clergyman residing at Bath, wanting a Curate to serve a Church at some distance, sent for testimonials of one who offered himself, and received the following answer from the late Rector:——

"SIR—You enquire of me the character of ——, my late Curate—I have been told that he offered V. C. a shilling to *damn me black, and then shoot at me as I turned a hedge nook.* I have heard of some villains who shot Thomas Thynne, Esq. as he was walking with ladies in the Haymarket.—I have heard of some villains who condemned to death their King of glorious memory; but I never yet heard of a Curate offering a man a shilling *to damn his Rector black, and then to shoot him as he turned a hedge nook.* I have been upwards of forty years Rector of this parish—during which time I have employed the old men in labour, and the old women in spinning; I have duly buried the dead, married maidens, and christened children; and daily spent hours in my study to qualify me for the pulpit and the press: And shall such a man be *damned black, and then shot at as he turns a hedge nook* at ——'s instigation? This is the character of my late Curate; and, if such a man will suit you as a Curate, I am, Sir, your humble servant."

———

GROG.—An old British publication contains the following anecdote of Admiral Vernon; which, if true, was the origin of the word *grog.* The anecdote is this:—The British sailors had always been accustomed to drink their allowance of brandy or rum, clear—till Admiral Vernon ordered those under his command to mix it with water. The innovation gave great offence to the sailors; and, for a time, rendered the Commander very unpopular among them. The Admiral at that time wore a grogram coat; for which reason they nicknamed him *old grog.* And hence, by degrees, the mixed liquor he constrained them to drink, universally obtained among them the name of *grog.*

———

Bon Mot of Dr. Rose.—It was an annual custom with Dr. Johnson's bookseller, to invite the authors to dine with him; and it was upon this occasion that Dr. Johnson and Dr. Rose of Chiswick, met, when the following dispute happened between them, on the pre-eminence of the Scotch and English writers.—In the course of conversation, Dr. Warburton's name was mentioned, when Dr. Rose observed, what a proud imperious person he was: Dr. Johnson answered—"Sir, so he was; but he possessed more learning than has been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan." Dr. Rose, after enumerating a great many Scotch authors, which Johnson treated with contempt, said, "What think you of David Hume?"—"Sir! he! a deistical scribbling fellow." Rose.—"Well, be it so; but what say you to Lord Bute?" Johnson, with a surly wow, wow—"I did not know that he ever wrote any thing." Rose—"No! I think

I think that he has written one line that has outdone any thing that Shakespeare, or Milton, or any one else ever wrote." Johnson—"Pray what was that, Sir?" Rose—"It was when he wrote an order for your pension, Sir." Johnson, quite confounded, replied—"Why that was a very fine line, to be sure, Sir."

Two friends were walking down Snow-hill a few days since, and one of them observing the statue of *Æsop* over the door of the Juvenile Library, inquired of the other if there really ever was such a man as *Æsop?*—"Why how (answered he) can you ask such a question?—I thought every child knew *Æsop* to be a *Fabulous Character!*

The late Sir E. B——, being stark mad with the *tooth ache*, sent for the *village* doctor, who was a *blacksmith*—a *clock-cleaner*—and a *tooth-drawer!* On being asked by the Baronet how long he had been in *practice?*—"Why please your honour (replied Dr. Dow, for that was his name), I have been twenty years in *business* as a *blacksmith*, and ten in the *clock-cleaning* and *doctoring-line;* and in that time have seen more *physical* than *clock cases!*"

Ludicrous Instances of Modern Honour.—— A circumstance occurred, a few days ago, which presented a more *chivalrous* idea of *honour* than any that has occurred in modern times. A venerable and respectable looking man was taken to Middlesex Hospital, with his throat cut from ear to ear, but the wound, in consequence of the attention and the skill of the surgeon, did not prove mortal. The person who attempted committing suicide was questioned as to the cause, and at length reluctantly stated the fact. He said he wanted something which another person had, who refused his request. He again repeated it, but in vain, which roused his anger, and he declared on his *honour*, in a fit of passion, if the matter in dispute was not given up, he would "*cut his own throat.*" The other person continued perverse, and the patient in consequence, determined to commit suicide rather than *forfeit his honour*, accordingly made the attempt!

Another instance arose at the Clerkenwell Sessions this month, where Robert Anderson was indicted for an assault on J. Barton, both of Green-court, Pulteney-street in the month of July last.

The prosecutor was a gentleman of the sable robe, vulgarly called a chimney-sweeper, and the defendant a dealer in old iron. In consequence of some paviours at work opposite the door of the prosecutor, some rubbish was collected; and a shower of rain having fallen, a puddle was formed before the door of the defendant—and as he is a man of peculiar nicety, gave him some annoyance. The prosecutor, however, brought his broom, and was endeavouring to remove this nuisance as speedily as possible; but the defendant, impatient of the operation, brought another broom, and not content with counteracting instead of assisting the purpose of the accommodating prosecutor, slapped the broom several times about his head, and then turning the broomstick, lent him divers palpable hits about the ears, and knocked him down. During this rencontre the prosecutor's wife interfered, and not only came in for

for her share of the discipline which her husband was undergoing, but was saluted with a torrent of epithets not the most complaisant; and on the following morning, the defendant, not having satisfied his irritated feelings on the preceding day, but feeling highly indignant on the recollection of certain rough handlings of his person and habiliments, determined to demand reparation to his wounded honour, in a manner becoming his *martial* profession: and scorning the vulgar contest of a boxing match with a chimney-sweeper, he sat him down, and penned to his antagonist the following challenge; of which, as an *unique* in the annals of *chivalry*, we submit a sketch tolerably adequate.

"In consequence of the ——— ill-treatment I received from your ——— wife and you, on Wednesday, I am determined to have satisfaction, and to fight you as a gentleman. Why, you bandy, half-starved, son of a ———, are my silk stockings to be daubed by such a ——— as your wife, or my precious body to be mauled about by such a rascal as you? I therefore expect you will fight me with pistols at Chalk-farm to-morrow morning, and I desire you will meet me accordingly.

"ROBERT ANDERSON."

The recreant *chimney-sweeper*, however, having a professional antipathy to *chalk*, and no ambition to die on the field of honour, or perhaps not feeling himself so *skilful* in the *profession of arms* as his high-minded foe, who dealt so largely in the deadly commodity of cold iron, *brushed* off to a Magistrate, and took the more sober course of law to settle the affair.

The defendant was found *guilty*, and sentenced to a fine of 10l.

This trial excited considerable laughter—the parties were of the most diminutive stature and *grotesque* appearance. The *duellist* appeared at the bar with his head enveloped in *flannel*.

———

A SNUFF-MAKER being prosecuted for mixing other materials with his *tobacco*, proved, that there was *not a leaf of tobacco* used, and so non-suited his adversary.

———

THE Angel Inn, at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, is subject to a rent-charge of *forty shillings* for a *sermon against drunkenness*, on the bequest of a Mr. Solomon, who looked "upon that sin to be the *inlet* of almost all others."

———

A DRUNKEN man in a *baker's* dress running against a gentleman, the latter turned angrily round, but perceiving his situation merely said (giving him at the same time a slight push) "Come, *roll* along."

———

EPITAPH.—The following Epitaph, is copied from a stone in Corsley Church-yard, Wilts.

Once ruddy and plump,
Though now a cold lump,
Beneath this old stump,
Lies honest JOE CLUMP,
Who wished to his neighbour no evil:
Altho' by Death's thump,
He's laid on his rump,
Yet up he shall jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o'er Death and the Devil.

———

AN *asthmatic* patient in the City, who is rather deficient in orthography, wrote to his physician on Thursday, stating, "that his *coffin* had returned," and desiring to know what he should do; to which the latter sent him an answer, recommending him to send it back to the *undertaker*.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following horses were purchased by Mr. Kirby at Mr. Champion's sale:—

The stallion Orville, by Beningbrough; with the two Brood Mares, Trumpetta* and Nitre†,—both in foal to Orville, for 2300gs.

Sylph‡, by Pot8o's, dam by Highflyer, out of Smallbones, by Justice,—in foal to Orville for 200gs.

Patience, (Sister to Bustard) by Buzzard,—in foal to Orville, for 150gs.

Chesnut Filly||, 2 yrs old, by Sorcerer, out of Sylph, for 150gs.

Brown Colt Foal, by Sorcerer, out of Sylph, for 175gs.

Since the Covering Season, Mr. Champion has purchased one half of Orville, who is allowed by numerous noblemen and gentlemen who have seen him, to be the completest horse in the kingdom.

Lord Fitzwilliam has purchased of Mr. Kirby, a Bay Filly, rising three years old, by Beningbrough; dam by Coriander, out of Hyperion's Sister, for 125gs.

Colonel Childers purchased that well-known good winner, Sir David, by Trumpator, for 1300gs.

Mr. Kirby sold Royal Prince, by Cheshire-Cheese, to Sir Charles Douglas, for 500gs.

Mr. Tatton Sykes sold Whitelock, by Hambletonian, to Mr. Silvester Reed, of York, for 300gs.

Mr. Hewett sold Teazle Evitch, by Sir Peter, out of Hornpipe, by Trumpator, to Alexander Murray, Esq. for 500gs.

Mr. Twisleton, of Osberton-Hall, near Hinckley, Leicestershire, lately purchased the Stallion, Stripling, by Phenomenon, out of Laura, by Eclipse, for 200gs.—He is sire of the Duke of. Leeds's Octavian, that won the St. Leger Stakes, uncommonly easy, and walked over for the Gascoigne Stakes, at Doncaster; and we are

* Previous to Trumpetta's foaling, her produce was sold to Mr. Champion, if a colt for 150gs. and a filly, 100gs.:—She produced a filly, which Mr. Kirby re-purchased, in Doncaster race-week, for 150.—This is one of the finest fillies ever seen.—After Trumpetta was stinted to Orville, she was again sold to Mr. Champion for 200gs.—Trumpetta was got by Trumpator, out of Peggy, (Sister to Postmaster) by King Herod, Snap, &c.

† Nitre produced a good bay colt, which was sold to Lord Darlington for 150gs.:—Her produce for 1811, is sold to Mr. Brandling for 150gs.; and for 1812, to Sir Charles Douglas for the same sum.—Nitre was got by Precipitate, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker, King Herod, Skim, and Crab.

‡ Sylph produced a very fine bay filly, which was sold to Mr. Brandling, at five weeks old, for 150gs.

|| This filly had the misfortune to break a leg, but was afterwards covered by Orville.

informed

informed, that his Grace afterwards refused 2000gs. for Octavian, who also won a Stakes in the York August Meeting:—Stripling has hitherto covered only two blood Mares, and Octavian is the only one of his get that has yet started.

The Duke of Leeds has lately purchased the own Brother to Octavian, now a yearling, and his Grace has nominated the same in a Stakes at Catterick, 1813.—And we understand, that the Duke has also purchased the produce of Octavian's dam, (1811) by Stripling. —He stands fifteen hands three inches high, is full of bone, with powerful sinews, and was a good racer; from which, and his high Pedigree, (Phenomenon and Eclipse) is a very promising stallion to get not only speedy, but lasting racers.—He is a good chesnut, no white, except a rach down his face, and is the model of his sire.

Mr. Reed Denham, of Chesterfield, has purchased Pleader, by Stamford, out of Fanny Fancy, by Restless.

Mr. Milton, a dealer in horses, at the West end of the Town, having taken 500l. to 300l. that he would ride from the end of Dover-street, Piccadilly, to Stamford, in Lincolnshire, a distance of more than ninety miles, in five hours, he performed his match on Thursday, December, 27, 1810. As a circumstantial account will be given of this extraordinary match in our next Magazine, we shall now barely mention a few particulars, and the result:—Mr. Milton started at eight o'clock in the morning in a violent shower of rain, from the corner of Dover-street, Piccadilly. At the end of the first hour he had gone over twenty-three miles.—When about forty miles from the place of starting, he was disappointed in not finding a horse, as was expected, and was obliged to continue for some miles on that which he rode. He arrived at Stamford at twenty-five minutes past twelve—thus winning the wager by thirty-five minutes.

We understand that Norbrook Races are fixed for Wednesday, the 3d of April, 1811; they comprise the following contests, viz.—A cup, value 10gs. with 40gs. in specie, and 10gs. for the second horse; to be run for by horses the property of farmers resident within the limits of Sir Thomas Mostyn's hunt, the best of three two-mile heats. A gold cup, value 100gs. with the surplus in specie, for hunters the property of members of the hunt. A sweepstakes of 5gs. each for hacks, the property also of members of the hunt, and a match for 100gs. between Sir Thomas Mostyn's ch. c. by Pegasus, and Mr. Cope's ch. f. Shoestrings, by Teddy the Grinder.—Several other matches are expected to be made.

That horses participate with their riders in the pleasures of the *chase* is a well-known fact; but an extraordinary instance of the love which these animals have for sports and company was shewn near Lincoln, the beginning of the present month. The fox-hounds were passing near Caenby-hall, the seat of Charles Tennyson, Esq. when two coach horses, made wild by the cry of the hounds, escaped from the lawn, (over a fence which was thought sufficient to have confined horses bred for more *agile* uses,) and followed the chase to a considerable distance. They got so far from home that they were not found on Wednesday, on which day

day (four days after their escape) handbills were circulated, describing the frolicsome runaways.

MERE-DOWN, Wilts, Coursing Meeting, took place on Tuesday, December 4, which was attended by a numerous company. A great many hares were found, which in general ran well and tired the dogs. A brown bitch, belonging to Mr. Corner, ran in a superior style, and was the favourite.

THE Newmarket Meeting began on Monday, the 10th of December, and the assemblage of greyhounds at Newmarket, the Hare Park, and some adjoining villages, was the greatest ever known, prior to the meeting.—The fashion of naming the dogs with the *first letter* of the name of the owner is still preserved.

THE beginning of the present month was committed to the county gaol of Winchester, F. Love, for having in his possession, at the parish of Headley, two deer skins, and a toil to take deer, for one year's imprisonment for this offence.—Moses and James Davis, two brothers, are committed for trial, on charges of horse stealing, in the counties of Surry and Sussex.

JOHN Banks was committed to Chelmsford gaol last month, by Major-General Strutt, having been convicted of using nets for the destruction of the game, and adjudged to be imprisoned for the space of three months, or until he pays the penalty for the said offence.

SAMUEL Wheelhouse, of Killamarsh, the noted poacher (against whom a verdict had been obtained with costs and penalties amounting to 70l. and upwards, for having in his possession six hares) has been committed to Derby county gaol, there to remain till the fines are paid.

On Friday, the 30th ult. William Stone, of Enford, in the county of Wilts, game-keeper to John Benett, Esq. was brought before W. Dyke and —— Fowle, Esqrs. two of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the said county, and bound over to keep the peace, for assaulting, ill-treating, and putting in fear of her life, Rebecca Carter, a poor woman of the above parish. Our readers will recollect that William Stone is the same person who prosecuted H. Hunt, Esq. of Sans Souci Cottage, for an assault, at the last Spring Assizes for the county of Wilts.

ONE day last month was destroyed, by Anthony Hamond, Esq. in one of his plantations, on a farm in the occupation of Mr. T. Kendle, of Grayton Thorpe, Norfolk, the amazing number of *eighty brace* of hares.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Constant Reader and Subscriber, residing in the New World, has sent us, in a letter dated Philadelphia, 29th October, 1810, an account of WASHINGTON RACES, which appear at the end of our RACING CALENDAR. He remarks to us, that the article he has transmitted "will shew how Racing is progressing in America."

Among other favours not used, but reserved till next month, is an article giving an account of an excellent run by the West-Hyde Hariers, in Buckinghamshire, and of their giving a *taste* to a fox on the same day, that would have done credit to hounds of another description. The article may, perhaps, meet the reader's eye either in the *County Chronicle*, or *County Herald*, before the period abovementioned—newspapers that are patronised and highly approved of in all the counties for one hundred miles round London.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE CHASE.

From the first Canto of Walter Scott's Poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

THE subject of this poem is derived from an ancient Scottish legend. It opens with the Chase of the Stag, (all that we have room to insert) and is followed by the hunter afterwards finding the Lady of the Lake among the passes of the Highlands of Scotland.

THE Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.
As chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms: the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment list'ned to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.
Yelled on the view the opening pack,
Rock glen and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
An hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.
Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his path-way hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed per-force,
Was fain to breathe his faultering horse;
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.
The noble Stag was pausing now,
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wander'd o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copse-wood gray,
That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
Fresh vigour with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.
'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air;

Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith,
For twice, that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost Horseman rode alone.
Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The labouring Stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds staunch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.
The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.
Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more.
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey!"—
Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day.

THE JEW; OR THE RULING PASSION.

TWO criminals, a Christian and a Jew,
Who'd been to honest feelings rather callous,
Were on a platform once expos'd to view,
Or come, as some folks call it, to the gallows;
Or, as of late, a quainter phrase prevails,
To weigh their weight upon the city scales.

In dreadful form, the constables and shrieve,
The priest and ord'nary, and crowd attended,
Till fix'd the noose, and all had taken leave;
When the poor trembling Israelite, befriended,
Heard by express, from officer of state,
A gracious pardon quite reverse his fate.

Unmov'd he seem'd, and to the spot close sticking,
Ne'er offers, tho' he's bid, to quit the place;
Till in the air the other fellow kicking,
The Sheriff thought that some peculiar grace,
Some Hebrew form of silent deep devotion,
Had, for a while, depriv'd the Jew of motion.

But being question'd by the Sheriff's orders,
Why not with proper officer retiring?

In tone of voice that on the marv'llous borders,
While that his looks were on the beam aspiring—
"I only wait (said he) before I coes,
"Of Master Catch to puy the ted man's clothes!"

THE CATTLE SHOW.

BEHOLD they come, like Pharoah's well-fed kine!
Huge oxen, monstrous sheep, and bloated swine;
They come, dragg'd on in proud unwieldly state,
For their own legs but half sustain their weight;
Like tallow hogsheads stow'd within a cart
They ride to win the prize at Smithfield mart.
Improvement mends the stock, the skin, the fleece,
But stands pre-eminent in clods of *grease*.

Behold, ye poor, who oft with longing eye
Survey those joints, ye wish in vain to buy;
Behold display'd in greasy pomp around,
Those giant limbs—at half-a-crown a pound!
The shambles spread a tantalising treat
That few can *purchase*, and still fewer eat.

Ye men of candles—ye whose works give light
And artificial day, to gloomy night;
These are your spoils, for you the monsters grew,
Were cramm'd, and cook'd, and melted down for you;
The Christmas-roast like oozing blubber ran,
To fill your tributary dripping pan.

THE CAUSE GAINED,

AND THE COUNSELLOR OUTWITTED.

An old Story.

A Counsellor wise, as most Counsellors are,
Once went to a County assizes;—
Well,—the reader cries out,—and his going down there
Shews nothing to me that surprises.

Patience,—reader *ungentle*, and soon you shall know
As much as I do of this story;
Learn, that gold is the fount from which lawyers' wits flow,
Gold only it is gives them glory.

Our Counsellor, whom we'll call *Buz* if you please,
Had a cause that was bad at the bottom;
'Twas one that was not to be gain'd with much ease,
But if *greas'd in the fist* he oft got 'em;

For his wits were so sharp that 'twas oftentimes said;
By few men he had e'er been outwitted;
But what, in this case, gave his Client some dread,
Was, that 'gainst one as keen he was pitted.

Now we'll fancy the Judge in his full-bottom'd wig,
Assisted by most of the Quorum,
Whilst Counsellor Buz, and young Counsellor Prig,
Vehemently argued before 'em.

The rustics all gap'd, and took mouthfuls of law,
As they listen'd to Buz and his brother;
Not a whisper was heard, they were brimful of awe,
Now admiring of this, then of t'other.

But Buz warmer grew as *the cause* onward went,
His arguments seem'd quite convincing;
Behind stood a client, who, when he seem'd spent,
Took this method to keep him from wincing.

Whene'er his loud voice seem'd to shrink to a squeak,
Five guineas he slipp'd 'tween his fingers;
These gave him new pow'rs, and forc'd him to speak
Loud as Grub-street's stentorian singers.

This was done many times, my story says ten,
And I see no cause why I should dock it;
And as oft as he felt them, he at it again,
And slipt them quite sly in his pocket.

Now

Now Prig feeling no such *strong reasons* as these,
Slacken'd much in his learned haranguing;
Whilst Buz gain'd the cause with comparative ease:—
Thus cash sometimes saves men from hanging!

Now Buz felt a longing to count o'er his gains,
For Buz was a lawyer most thrifty;
And thought, for the trouble he'd given his brains,
He deserv'd at least forty or fifty.

So behold, when the Court was broke up, home he hied,
To his neat first-floor room of a lodging;
Like a ghost through the streets and the lanes did he glide,
And 'scap'd his acquaintance by dodging.

Now observe him alone, seated snug by the fire,
From behind his best spectacles peeping;
But, lo! he soon found a misfortune most dire,
And he scarce could refrain from loud weeping.

For though seldom outwitted by limbs of the law,
Whom he treated like so many ninnies;
He now found, yet could hardly believe what he saw,
All but two were base counterfeit guineas!!!

Nov. 13, 1810. J. M. L.

THE MASQUERADE; OR, THE BELLE'S SOLILOQUY.

(A Parody from Addison's Cato.)

Celestina, solus, in a thoughtful posture —a Domino with hat and feather, and a purse of gold lying on the table.

IT must be so—smart plume thou reason'st well:
Else whence this springing joy, this fond desire,
This longing after concerts, plays, and balls?
Or whence this loathing dread, and chill *ennui*,
At staying oft at home?—Why hate we all
Immur'd to sit alone, and start at crickets!
'Tis scenes of polished life which prompt our longings,
'Tis Fashion's self that points out public places,
And intimates *Bon Ton* to well-bred females.
Bon Ton, thou heart-reviving, pleasing thought!
Thro' what variety of frolic parties,
Thro' what bright scenes and changes may we pass;
The brilliant Masquerade lies strait before me,
But Gods, and Milk-maids, Clowns and Demons throng it.
Here will I hold—If there's a Queen of Fashion,
(And that there is, each milliner declares
In every cap you buy!) she must love gadding,
And that which she approves, the great must follow.
But when or where?—Cits go to the Pantheon!
I cannot make decision;——this must close it.

Laying her hand on the purse.

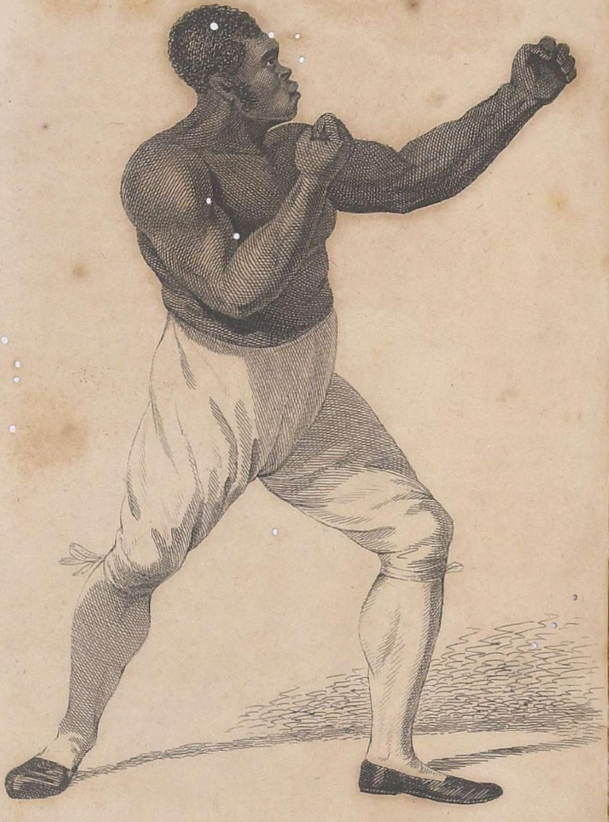
Thus I am doubly arm'd: my cash and trappings,
Money and domino are both before me;
This, in a moment purchases a ticket;
But *this* informs me I sha'nt be much spoke to.
The *Belle*, secure in Indian princess' robes,
Smiles at the Domino as 'neath her notice!—
Colours shall fade; new Irish steps grow old
With lapse of time; ev'n lac'd Pelisse be scorn'd,
But Diamonds still shall flourish and attract,
Unchang'd amid the varying of caprice,
The Coeffure powder'd, or the natural Wig!

WASHING COLOURS.

FOR LADIES' WEAR.

"YOUR cottons," said Flavia, "are cheating vile trash!
See! the colours all gone, though you said they would wash!"
"Yes, Madam," the shopkeeper answer'd —"no doubt,
I said they would wash: but I meant, they'd *wash out*."

GERRO.



Molineux.

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